A DEAD MAN SPEAKING,

Or the Famous memory of KING

CHARLES the I.

Delivered in a Sermon upon the 30th of Ian: last, in the Parish Church of *Waltham Abbey.*

By THO. REEVE, D.D. *Preacher there.*

Eccles. 4. 1.
A good Name is better then precious oyntment.
The memory of the just is blessed.

Sanctus non occiditur sed eripitur. *Cyp.*

LONDON,
Printed by *I. R.* for the Authour, 1661.

A

DEAD MAN

SPEAKING.

Or the Famous memory of K I N G

CHARLES the I.

A Sermon Preached upon the 30th of Jan:
Wherein the Fatal Day is Anniversary
Commemorated.

By NATHANIEL BOND, D. D. Preacher there.

Eccles. 4. 1.
I saw the Tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; on the side of their oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter.

Sudes non auditur Ad cultum.Cyp.

LONDON,
Printed by J. R. for the Author. 1661.

TO THE

Illustrious, and highly renowned Prince

JAMES

DUKE OF

YORK

His humble Suppliant wisheth to him,

His Grandfathers wisdome, his Fathers virtue, *Abels* sacrifice, and Christs satisfaction

High and mighty Prince,

THe *righteous is more excellent then his neighbour*, Prov. 12. 26. *The holy seed is the substance of the earth.* Esai. 6. 13. *The Lords portion is his people.* Deut. 32. 9. *Godly men are so precious, that at last God will make them up among his jewels.* Mal. 3. 17. They are such pious men, *which are the portraictures of the divine essence, nay the very Images of God. Holy men are a treasure hard to be found*, yea they are the persons, which have a *compendiary way to glory.* What a bright lustre then was your religious Father once to this Nation? how did he adorne the Kingdome? he was as great a Saint as a King, and as resplendent in innocency as Majesty.

Deiformes. Cyp. εἰκόνες τῆς θεότητος Diog. in Laert. l. 9. οἱ ἀγαθοὶ ἀνθρωποι θεοὶ. Lucian. in Tim. Ad gloriam inest illis via compendiaria. Bruson. l. 1. c. 18.

Virg. 4. Aneid. ——*Rhipheus justissimus unus,*
Qui fuit in Teucris, & servantissimus æqui;

A royall Gemme, a religious mirrour, the *Lands Ornament*, the Churches Phenix; there were many potent Kings in his time, but he was the true Sacred Majesty upon earth; we may still rejoyce, that we were the Subjects of such a King, and you may still glory that you were the Son of such a Father; lose not your Birth-right, your Fathers Graces honour you as much as his bloud Royal; you are a Prince of renown because you can derive a pedigree from such a linage of virtues: it is never dying fame to you, that you can say.

Virg. 4. Aneid. ——*Pater est Thymbreus Apollo,*

that such a Saint was your Father. But where now is this Pearle of the Land, and starre of the throne? He that doth answer this question must doe it rather with tears, then speech; for we had him, but we have lost him; Oh irreparable, and ineffable losse, we did not value his graces, nor imitate them, and so we are deprived of the sight, use, and blisse of them. But how came he to be taken away, could any heart be so rancorous, or any hand so cruel, as to offer violence to such a pious Prince? yes, virtue hath no armour of proof against blind and precipitate malice. *As he which was born after the flesh persecuted him, which is borne after the Spirit, even so is it now.* Gal. 4, 29. *For the worke that is right a man is envied of his very neighbour.* Eccles. 4. *Mutius* was observed never to have a sadder countenance, then when he beheld *aliquid boni*, some good thing in others. The perfections of good men are the regrets of the wicked. Sure I am my Soveraignes eminences were the foment of all his enemies disgusts, his virtues were fatal to him;

Macrob. Saturn l. c. 2.

How

How fatal? who can speak? who can be silent? who can suppresse the accident? who can expresse it? no, gastly looks, shivering joints, quivering lips, broken sighes are the fittest Orators to treat upon such a dismaying subject. It is a sorrow beyond utterance, a Tragedy that nothing but rent hearts, and frayed Spirits can act out the several *Scenes* of it.

Great & renowned Prince, then what can I say? what shall I say? but *Ah! Alas! Anguish! Astonishment! a Crime! a Cry! a Murther! a Martyrdome!* your Royal Father, your righteous Father slayn by the handes of his mercilesse, gracelesse subjects, brought to an untimely death, brought to a barbarous death! his soveraginity, his lawes, his acts of Grace, his matchless graces could not defend him; Oh age of Monsters! Oh herd of Tygres! Oh army of Fiends! Oh rout of infamous, ignonoble, irreligious, infernal Furies! where was the worth, the wisedome, the obedience, the conscience of their former progenitors? or who were their natural Fathers? who were their ghostly Fathers? what breasts did they suck at? what lips were they inspired with? are these their principles? are these their revelations? these gifted men then are edge-tooles, these new lights are fierce Comets; these sift-Monarchy men are fierce Monarchy men, these Levellers are leviathans, these quakers may make all the earth to quake. They may now pretend to be the *meeke of the earth*, but I am sure they were the Murtherers of the earth, they may profess that they have mortified spirits, but sure I am, they had mortal hands; they may have peace in their lips, but they have war in their hearts; they may call themselves Lambs, but they are more fiery then the evening wolves. Trust them who will, I can but yield them my

my pitty, not my confidence, though it may be mercy to pardon their crimes, yet I think it were no great wisdome to put affiance in their gentle, peaceable Natures. If their principle be no King, what King sits sure in his throne where there are such paradoxes? is not the life of a King threatned, where his authority is renounced? how many of these were in actual armes, and active to ruine their native Country, and to shed the blood of their natural King? what? King-skinners and yet true to the person and power of a King? can the authority, or piety of any Prince restraine their fury, when they have slaine such a just King, such a celestial Saint? Let them inchant whom they can, yet they shall hardly infatuate us that ever they will be sincerely loyal; for they have driven us to heart-grief, yea drawn out our heart blood, & taken away the life of him, who was worth ten thousand of us. *The breath of our nostrils, the Anointed of the Lord was taken in their nets, of whom we said, under his shadow we shall be preserved alive.* Lam. 4. 20. How can we think of them with contentment, or speake of them with pacified spirits, when the joy of our hearts is gone, and our dance is turned into mourning, *And the Crown is fallen from our heads?* Lam. 5. 15, 16. When such servants ruled over us, and we gat our bread with the peril of our lives, when Princes where hanged up by the hand, and the faces of Elders were not had in honour; when they took the young men to grinde, and made the children to fall under the wood; when they have sequestred, imprisoned, starved, gibbited, banished, slain in the field, shot to death in the streets multitudes, it is an hard thing to forget so many indignities, and outrages; no, they may have their Act of *Indemnity*, but hardly their

Act

& of Amnesty. Or if we could rase out of our brests all our private injuries, how can wee bury in oblivion the blood of such ararely accomplished, and gratiously qualified King? they which could pluck off such a Crown, & strike off such an head, what bloody hearts, and fatall hands must we needs conclude then to have? Have they not here given us occasion of dread, and grief? yes, *This is a Lamentation and shall be for a Lamentation.* For if the death of *Iosiah* which was slain in battel was lamented so bitterly, that it was called a long time after, the mourning of *Hadadrimmon* in the field of *Megiddo*, & all the Families of the Land did weep for him apart, then for a King by his own subjects to be chased, captived, arrainged, condemned and executed, what sobbs, tears, shrikes, plaints, passions, detestations, defiances are enough to bewaile, and execrate such barbarous inhumanity, and immanity? If the *Chalcedonians* kept the one & twentieth day of every month as a day of much sadness, because the prefect of *Darius* then made their children Eunuchs, and carried them away slaves to *Persia*; then how ought we to keep that day as a solemn day of Humiliation which is the Anniversary of the most direfull murther (next to our Saviours crucifing) that ever was committed upon the face of the earth, when our good King lost his life, and we lost our liberties for many years after? oh black day! oh bloody Act! oh diabolical Actours, *A day of Tribulation rebuke, and blasphemy* Esa. 37. 3. *Write the name of the day even of this same day* Ezech. 24. 2. *Yea, howl and cry, and say, Wo be unto this day* Ezech. 30. 2. Can your Highness think of it with patience? or hear of it without ire and indignation? your Fathers dead head doth it not make both the eyes in your head to sparkle? your Fathers royall

Suidas.

all blood gushing out of his veines, doth it not make every drop of blood in your Princely heart to kindle & flame? To your high fame you have won many a pitcht battel, & shall such base bloodsuckers conquer your noble heart to forget the horrid murther of such an admired King, to whom you have so neer a relation both in blood and honour? No, though I do not stirre you up to revenge, yet I do to a detestation both of the Act and Actours. Wherefore are you a Kings son, but to abhorre all them which dare strike at a Kings head, or cut off a Kings head? wherefore is any one a King, if his person be not free from violence? yes, *Who shall lay his hand upon the Lords anointed & be guiltlesse?* Why is a King called a supreme if he hath any supreme above him? or named Lawgiver, if he himself be liable to law? wherefore doth he hold a sceptre, if his own sides may be beaten with it? or wear a Crown, if it cannot preserve his own head? or bear the sword, if it may be thrust into his own breast? Is he to be the head of the Tribes to stand in danger of his own neck? is the Government to be laid upon his shoulders, & yet a blood axe to be laid upon his shoulders? are not these contempts against Soveraginity? and contradictions to loyalty? hath reason any such solæcismes, or madnesse any such Phrensies? did *Balam*, *Caiaphas*, *Achitophel* ever give such Counsel, or teach such maximes? Is there a precedent of the like shameful attempt to be found amongst the civil *Romanes*, or wild *Scythians*, the tyrants of *Athens*, or the King-hunters of *Scotland*, where learned our people this Divinity? or who were the leading Protestants which first practised it? where began this outrage? who took up the first armes? who brought the first Artillery into the field? who cried out of an hor-

rid

rid rebellion in *Ireland*, & yet cried up a sanctified plaging of prizes *in England*? Can a man think that there passed no Letters of Correspondency between these and the Iesuits? Sure I am they never learned this doctrine of resisting Kings by force of armes out of Canonical Scripture, the primitive martyrs, or the ancient Fathers, but out of *Mariana, Suarez, Stapleton, Sanders, &c.* If they be no Romish Iesuits, they are Protestant Iesuits. They and these are both Gunners, the question is who is the Master Gunner. The fift of *November* cannot but with a kind of impudence be kept by these, for there is a new Gunpowder treason upon record, they are both of them Salt-peter men; I wonder how these men do not suspect themselves to be in some measure guilty of Popery, or to have set up an altar after the fashion of the alter of *Damascus*. Supremacy they say is Popery, and what not to hold the supremacy of a Parliament, or a Magisterial Assembly till they have fought down soveraignty so low that every Commoner shall be checkmate to a King? Praying to Saints and Angels is Popery; and what not to rely upon such Saints, and Angels which lead people into the sin of *Lucifer*? Purgatory is Popery, and what not to make their Country more flaming then mount *Ætna*? Auricular Confession is Popery, and what not to bring all Communicants to Examination, that they might know with the secrets of conscience, the secrets of Families, and if they finde them not well affected to give them a Classical expulsion out of the Land? Transubstantiation is Popery, and what not to transubstantiate away the authority of a King, till nothing do remain but bare accidents, gay cloaths, and a good hunting horse? Merits are Popery, and what not to merit the name of a Patriot,

a pure Saint upon earth, and a bright, thrice bright Saint in heaven by ruffling with Kings, and by throwing them upon their backs, if not breaking their necks? In the Land of tumult, sedition, commotion, and playing of Prince-prizes, who is the most honourable Common-wealths-man but the most insolent traytour? *Zenophon* the *Corinthian* who was sixty times Conquerour at the *Olympian* games, *Nicon* who won at that place 1400 Crowns were never more famous, then their redoubted Heroes, who could pluck a King by the collar, or pluck out his throat: was not the Image of the first benefactour to the rebellion set up with his Saracens face in the Church? and was not the first Rebel-General honoured if not with a glorious Statue, yet with a most vain-glorious Sermon? though his false masters paid him his wages with aconite, yet the false Prophet lighted him to heaven with a pulpit-torch. There is a kinde of holy Brother which doth love a Traytour as well as the holy Father. Well then, leave all dissembling and let fellow Papists go together, for Rebellion against Kings is more suspicious, nay more perspicuous & pernicious Popery, then Cap, Cope, Surplice, Tippet, Rochet: If the one should be conceited to be tayle of the Beast, the other may be concluded to be the clawes and jawes of the Beast. Oh then that this brutish sin should be hallowed as a prime virtue! no, *Vir pessimus omnium Carinus.* This same Regicide is the Basilick among all Sepents; there is not the least goodnesse, or noblenesse in him, unless.

Pausan in Achai.

Pindar. 13. Od.

Mart. l. 7.

——ipso sceleris molimine Tereus
Creditur esse Pius, laudemque à crimine sumit,

Ovid. l. 6. Metam.

The height of villany doth go for the height of piety, and

and the blackeſt crime is eſteemed the trueſt credit. If there had never been traytour in the world till theſe laſt warres, yet we have occaſion enough for this very action, to abominate this rough-skin'd Creature, becauſe ſo inhumanely he executed ſuch an eminent, and invaluable King. Oh how much virtue was there murthered? how many graces were there at one blow beheaded? *Abel is dead.* But though dead, yet not quite dead; no (renowned Prince) you have not altogether loſt your Father, the Rebel might kill the King, but not the Saint. *Abel being dead yet ſpeaketh.* No murtherer could utterly deſtroy ſuch a righteous King. *Cain* himſelf might open his veines, but not ſtop his mouth, ſtrike him but not ſtrike him dumb. Your Highneſs though you cannot ſee your Fathers face, yet you may hear his voyce; he made not his laſt Speech upon the Scaffold, *yet he ſpeaketh*, yea he ſpeaketh ſo loud that he may be heard throughout the whole Court, the whole kingdome, the whole world; by his Faith, Sacrifice, innocent life, & patient death he doth ſpeak to all his Friends, to all his Enemies, to the ſlaughtered Martyrs, and his crucified Redeemer. Thus deſiring to ſhed an Ocean of comforts into the breaſt of your Royal Highneſs by the remembrance of your Fathers pretious memory upon earth, and his glorious reign in Heaven proſtrating my ſelf at your Highneſs feet, ſubmiſſively I take leave and reſt.

Waltham Abby in Eſſex.

Your Highneſſes humble ſervant, who doth earneſtly Sacrifice, that you may be your Fathers true Mourner and bright Mirrour.

The Dead Man ſpeaking, &c.

And by it he being dead, yet ſpeaketh, Heb. 11. 4.

I Am this-day to preſent you with a Deaths-head, no very pleaſing ſight. If it be *mors atra*, *black death*, then a Deaths-head is *Spectaculum ſqualidum*, *a griſly*, *hideous ſpectacle*; a Gorgons head, and a Deaths-head, are much alike; yea *Caput mortuum*, *the Dead head*, which by the Chymiſts is called *terra damnata*, *the damned earth* doth carry ſome ſemblance with it, only here is the difference, that there all virtue is extracted, but here much virtue doth remain; for this Deaths-head doth ſpeak, yea ſpeak without a tongue. It is rare to hear the dead ſpeak, eſpecially to ſpeak when the Organ of ſpeech is wanting; for living men to be dumb, is a judgement, for dead men to ſpeak, is a wonder. The Brazen head of *Albertus Magnus*, ſpeaking, ſo aſtoniſhed *Thomas Aquinas*, that he brake it in pieces, and his Maſter gave him a bitter check for it, ſaying, that he had deſtroyed the work of thirty years invention; The head of *Memnon* which ſpake, and ſung by the Sun-beames ſhining upon it, was the admiration of the age; but theſe heads ſpake by Arts, and Artifices; but here is an Head, which ſpake without any help, and contrivance; it was *Abel's* head, and it ſpake by the virtue of *Abel's* graces; wicked men ſpeak but till death, a righteous man doth ſpeak after death; ſo that a holy man is never tongue-tyed, no laſt gaſp can make him ſpeechleſſe, no grave-ſtone can ſilence a Saint. Now then the Deaths-head being a ſpeaking head, the abaſhment, and conſternation is much mitigated; for there is honour and ſplendor mixed with the horrour, and fray of ſuch an head; though it cannot but be grief and anguiſh, to think that *Abel* is dead, yet it cannot but be exultation, and extaſie, to think that

qui moritur, loquitur, *that he which is dead speaketh*, yea that when all natural speech is taken from him, he hath a supernatural way of speaking, for *adhuc loquitur*, *he yet speaketh*; *By it being dead, he yet speaketh.*

This discourse is of *Faith*, and here she doth sit like a glorious Queen in her Chair of State with all her Maids of Honour attending upon her; for all the priviledges, and perfections that the Saints had by faith are here described, and it is shewn, that whatsoever they were celebrated for, it was faith which was their loud-sounding Cymbal, their Trumpet of fame which made their names to resound with honour, *For* By *it our Elders obtained a good report*, ver. 2. Amongst the rest of the glorious Lights *Abel* doth shine forth, as the *Phosphorus*, the bright Morning-star; he offered an excellent Sacrifice, and this made him excellent to all posterities; this Sacrifice doth seem to have a relique, for though the Sacrifice be spent, and the Sacrificer consumed, yet the ashes both of the Sacrifice and Sacrificer do seem still to be preserved. *Abel* is dead, but the memory of his Sacrifice is not dead, we may find it smoaking upon a new Altar; yea the Sacrifice doth give *Abel* both life, and speech; for though nature cannot make him to speak, yet the Sacrifice doth make him to speak, for *By it he being dead*, *yet speaketh.*

So that, what is the best language? thou that travelleſt about the world to learn tongues, wouldest thou this day be skilled in the best language? then goe to *Abel's* Academy, do thou study the Art of Sacrificing. The *Spanish*, *Italian*, *Arabick*, *Æthiopick* Tongues are not comparable to this. Thou wilt be *alter Plato*, *Nestore facundior*, *Magnus Apollo by it.* All the eloquence upon earth is not like that which doth flow from a Saints lips; Grace is the purest Rhetorick, Devotion doth speak in the softest Idiome, *Tunc ipsa sapientia vivit*, Wisdome it self doth seem then to live, and speak. All the wisdome of the *Egyptians* is inferiour to it, *Athens* it self hath no such stile, let who will be magnified for rare speech, yet it is *Post Lesbium cantorem* after the language of a Sacrificer, for this is the language of *Canaan*, the tongue of men and Angels doth not excell it. Name all the curious, elimate, perpolite, exornate speeches, that ever were in the world, yet an excellent Sacrifice is the excellent Oratory,

Suidas.

for

for it doth make a man speak under ground, speak when he is dead, *For by it he being dead, yet speaketh.*

But how doth *Abel*'s Sacrifice make him to speak, being dead? because he did offer a better Oblation then *Cain*? then *Cain*? what? is *Cain* found offering? *Is Saul amongst the Prophets*? Is *Cain* amongst the Sacrificers? yes, wicked men have their forms of worship, they cannot inchant the world, unless they have the Sorcery, and Magick of devotion, they must seem religious, though they be Devils incarnate, therefore *Cain* doth Sacrifice as well as *Abel*. Community in worship is no certain argument of integrity, I do suspect a wicked man when he doth personate a Saint, I do tremble when I do see *Cain* at the Altar.

——Sic notus Ulysses?

Is *Ulysses* no better known? Is not an hypocrite most dangerous when he is lifting up his hand to Heaven? or holding oblations in his hand? Is there not a great difference between the worship of a wicked, and a godly man? Yes, *Cain* here Sacrificed out of custome, but *Abel* out of conscience; *Cain* out of formality, *Abel* out of faith. *Cain* wanted faith, and he had as good have wanted a Sacrifice. Will I eat Bull's-flesh? will God tast of the oblations of these Oxen in Religion? no, *Cain*'s Sacrifice lay like a cold disrespected thing upon the Altar, not a spark from Heaven fell upon it to consume it; but *Abel* doth bring a Sacrifice, and doth bring faith along with him, and this faith doth fetch fire from Heaven to turn the Sacrifice into ashes; faith is a kindling virtue, or it can make God to fire where she doth present an offering; for what a flame was there upon the appearance of faith? there was a smoak raised to the honour of *Abel*'s Sacrifice. It was the excellency of faith, which did make *Abel*'s Sacrifice so excellent. *By faith Abel offered a better Oblation then Cain, by which he obtained witnesse that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts.* Well, *Cain* is judged to his face, doth not this convince him? no, the more exasperate him; for he was wroth, and his countenance fell, *Gen.* 4. 5. Not he was humbled, and his tears fell, but he was worth, and his countenance fell. Wicked men instead of contrition, have fury, and instead of remorse, rancour; *Cain* was not offended that he was so hypocritical, but he was enraged that *Abel* was so holy. Purity of Reli-

gion is a general quarrell, the Altar doth set all in a tumult, the more excellent Sacrifice doth beget a general fewd. The Saints are *Genus invisum*, *The spighted race. Dum electi proficiunt reprobi ad rabiem furoris excitantur*; *The eminency of the Elect is the rage of Reprobates.* If thou be'st more righteous then an hypocrite thou must look for his rankled breft, and his menacing brow. But if *Cain* be told of this, will he not forbear? no, God expostulated with him, *why art thou wroth, and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou dost well, shalt thou not be accepted? If thou dost ill, sin lyeth at the doore, Gen.* 4. 6, 7. But he is never the better, he goeth away silent, and sullen. No reasonings will take place with some men, though sin lyeth at the door, yet they doe not cry out against sin, but remain senseleſſe, and stupid; all the perfume of the Sanctuary will give no fragrant sent to some mens nostrills, the sweetest odour is but the savour of death, unto death; to inform, admonish a wicked man, is but *Excoquere lapidem*, *To soften a stone by seething*; he doth remain obstinate in his sin, though his guilt doth lie before his eyes, and vengeance doth lie at the door. *Cain* doth not yet lament, that he is that hypocrite, but onely doth torment himself that *Abel* should be accepted as that righteous man, that he obtained witnesse that he was righteous. But I hope that all doth but end in a distaste, that there is no more but a secret grudge, and a grievance; oh yes, emulation doth bring forth dismal effects, malice doth end in mischief, when thy Religion is once spighted, look to thy person, look to thy head, the enemy of the Altar is the most savage Opposite. Indeed *Cain* doth treat with *Abel*, for *Cain* talked with his brother *Abel*, but beware of such treaties. Thou art never more in peril, then when the Adversary of thy faith can draw thee into a consultation, thou had'st better fly his person, then meet with him at a conference; for *Cain* doth draw *Abel* from a parley into the field, (a field businesse it must be) and then what are *Cain*'s arguments but stones, or clubs? he doth fight no longer with reasons but mortal engines, the man can no longer walk courteously, or talk gently, or sit patiently, but *Cain* rose up, and slew his brother *Abel*, *Gen.* 4. 8. Slew him? oh that *Cain* should have an heart in his bosome to think of such a wretched design, or a foot to walk about such a mischievous project, or an eye to spy out such

Greg.

an

an hatefull invention, or an hand to lay on such a fatal stroke. What, *Cain* kill *Abel*? no, methinks he should have said, we are sons of the same Father, we believe in the same God, we have joyned together in the same worship, therefore *Cain* will not be guilty of this horrid act; no, *Cain* should have said, I will fight for him, rather then be his heads-man, or whosoever destroy him, I will not kill him, for he is my brother, my fellow Professor, one that Heaven hath acknowledged to be a man of an excellent spirit for his excellent Sacrifice. But all bands of nature, links of Religion, incentives of grace are forgotten, where men are blinded with passions, or distempered with the phrenzy of malevolency. Well, *Abel* is slain, his dead head doth lie in the field, or his bloud doth stick upon the stone, but is *Cain* for all this secure? no, *Dulce pomum cum abest custos*; *The apple is sweet when the Gardiner is absent*, but when the Keeper doth come to examine what wasts have been made, he will teach such an Orchard-robber as *Cain*, what it is to pluck such fruit. *Super te hæc omnia Leparge.* Oh *Cain*, all thy mischievous devices will return upon thine own head. For *Cain* is questioned, where is thy brother *Abel*, *Gen.* 4. 9. *Cain, thou dost not miss Abel*, but saith God, I do want him, therefore where is he? when did'st thou last see him? what did'st thou last to him? where did'st thou leave him? what happened at the parting? I must have an account of him, therefore where is thy brother *Abel*? where is he, saith *Cain*? where he pleaseth himself, he hath feet of his own to carry him whither he will, he hath eyes to spy out the best place for his conveniency, he hath hands to defend himself: my brother *Abel* is *sui juris*, at his own liberty to goe, and do as liketh himself; he can tell thee whither he is retired, I cannot tell, charge not this upon me, for it is beyond my authority and commission, I have no tutelage of *Abel*, I am his brother, I am not his Guardian, *Am I my brothers Keeper*? Thus wicked men cauterize the wound, what they have committed with impiety, they do defend with impudence. But it is not the denial of the fact, which will serve the turn, God doth prosecute the crime, and represent to *Cain* his monstrous wretchedness. *What hast thou done*? art thou not confounded with what is done? *what hast thou done*?

Plut.

done? could a more horrible thing be done? *what hast thou done?* thou wouldst needs be at work, and thou hast acted a prodigie. *What hast thou done?* thou hast done that, that all Generations to come shall curse thee for the deed, and be cursed, if they imitate thee in the action, to the worlds end there shall be no more wretched pathes to walk in, then *the wayes of Cain. What hast thou done?* hast thou not done hellishly, to make thy self a present horrour, and an everlasting abomination? *what hast thou done?* thou hast done that, that thou art ashamed to confess, and art afraid to have it told thee, and wilt tremble when it shall be discovered. *What hast thou done?* something is done, nothing can be done, but I am privy to it; I was with thee at the first motion in thy breast, at the first motion of thy feet, at the irefull motion of thy brow, at the direfull motion of thy hand. What? hide a thing from thy God? canst thou cloud any thing from his all-seeing eye? yes I know, and can tell, and will repeat what thou hast done. It is not thy close acting, nor the naked field, that can conceal thy doings, thy dismal doings from me. I have my spies in all corners, I have Intelligencers, which do bring me news from all quarters of the world. Acknowledge what thou hast acted, speak out, what thou wert not afraid to attempt, what? did'st thou not once want a malicious heart, inchanting lips, and a bloudy hand, and dost now want a conscience, and a tongue? oh the shame and confusion of sin, how it makes a man at last amazed, and speechless! Well *Cain*, thou wilt not speak, but I have an Informer come into my Court, thou wilt not accuse thy self, but I have an indictment preferred against thee, I can draw nothing out of thee, but I have a charge drawn up against thee. Thou sayest, *Am I my brothers Keeper?* no, thou art thy brothers Cut-throat. *Abel* cannot cry, but his bloud doth cry, *Thy brothers bloud doth cry to me from the ground.* That doth cry, and thou shalt cry; thou mayest live, but thou shalt live as an execration; nothing shall prosper that thou dost undertake, thou shalt use infinite means to thrive, but nothing shall be successful, but ominous to thee, *For thou art cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brothers bloud from thy hand, Gen.* 4. 10. And as thy endeavours shall be unfortunate, so thy person shall be unhappy: Thou hast many places to repair to, but thou

thou shalt not know where to rest, thou shalt be like a distracted creature, chased up and down with fears, and furies, thy state shall be as the state of a Fugitive; *a runagate and a vagabond shalt thou be upon the earth*, Gen. 4. 12. Thou hast taken thy brother off from his legs, and thy feet shall not know where to fix safely, *thou shalt be cast out of the presence of the Lord*, Gen. 4. 16. and no presence shall be pleasing, or safe-guarding to thee; all places shall be an horrour to thee, and thou shalt be a dread to thy self. Thou shalt be as a palsy creature, *a mark shall be set upon thee*, Gen. 4. 15. A *Cain*'s mark, which shall (as St. *Chrysostome* saith) carry a continual trembling with it, day and night, thou shalt be afraid to be killed, and though thou mayest not be killed, yet like a man that forbode slaughter thou shalt live in wards, yea, be ready to double thy guards about thee; Oh *Cain*, where shalt thou be secure? no, thou shalt close up thy self in stone walls, *build thy self a City*, Gen. 4. 17. Thy old habitation shall be frightfull to thee, thou must change places, and goe live in the land of *Nod*. And when thou art dead, all plagues shall not end in thy person, but the curse shall reach to thy posterity, an infamous generation thou shalt leave behind thee, there shall not be a more hated and ignominous stock then the progeny of *Cain*, they shall be held as a people which have no relation to God, nor interest in his promises, they shall be distinguished from the children of God. *For the Sons of God went into the Daughters of men*, Gen. 6. 2. Who are these *Daughters of men*, but thy own wretched, and accursed Race? and we may know them by their hideous, and prodigious births, even that formidable breed of Giants, whose manners were as monstrous as their members, for they were people given up to that lust, and cruelty, that they had defiled the earth with such sensual, and savage courses, that God was inforced to rinse it with a general floud, and to leave but eight persons alive, they their selves were so corrupt, and they had so stained all persons which they did converse with. Thus *Cain* by one horrid act doth leave himself upon Record to be the *Infamy* of the earth, and not onely an execration in his particular person, but (as it were) a general *Anathema* to all that should proceed out of his loyns; this is *Cain*, *Cain* the murtherer, *Cain* the Monster, not to be thought

thought on without contempt, nor mentioned without detestation, and defiance; and thus we leave him stained in his bloud, and branded with his curse; But shall we thus cast off *Abel*? no, pity it is that his righteousness should be forgotten, or that his Sacrifice should not be eternized; a double Sacrifice, one that came out of thy flocks, another that came out of thy veins; thou did'st exercise righteousnesse, thou did'st die for righteousness; thou didst offer a Sacrifice, thou wert made a Sacrifice, oh we sacrifice to thy honour! thy actions were pious, thy name shall be glorious; thy sufferings were bitter, thy memory shall be sweet; we do prize thee, we would immortalize thee; thy bloud is spilt, but it shall not be dryed up; *Cain* slew thee, but we will embalm thee; thy Remains shall be sacred to us, thou shalt have thy Anniversary, thou shalt have thy *Iusta*, thy Funeral rites, we will honour thee as a Martyr; Thou art dead, but thou shalt not die; thou art speechless, but thou shalt still speak; we will do our duty, but thou needest not our service; thy person is so pretious, thy perfections so peerless, and thy virtues so conspicuous, that thou canst not but be eminent to the worlds end; Thou art dead, but there is a perfume come out of thy grave, thou art dead, but thy ashes are turned into costly Spicknard; thou dost smell under ground, thou dost speak under ground, the ears of the Saints are daily charmed with thy name, the audible voice of thy never-dying sanctity is still heard in the Church. *Abel* yet liveth, *Abel* yet speaketh. *By it he being dead, yet speaketh.*

Ye are this day invited to a Funeral, though ye be not all in blacks, yet I beseech you be ye true Mourners, do you solemnize the exequies of *Abel* (our righteous *Abel*, our royal *Abel*) a man that died for Religion, that shed his bloud for God's cause, which was a Confessour for the Faith, a Martyr for the excellent Sacrifice? Oh shall such an one have no Threnes, nor grones at his Tomb? yes, *Hectora flemus*, We lament our valiant *Hector*, we bewail our Champion of piety, one that being dead, Religion half died with him, for what a confusion was there in the Church till the dayes of *Seth*, *Then men began to call upon the name of the Lord*, *Gen.* 4. 26. Oh therefore shall the loss of such a Jewel not trouble the family? yes, though his person be buried, let not his name be interred, and incinerated; let us magnify his faith,

extol

extol his Sacrifice, yea, honour him as a Sacrifice. Didst thou (Oh *Abel!* martyred *Abel!*) die for thy faithfulness, and fervency towards Religion, because thou wouldst not abrogate the Rule, nor alienate any thing from God's pure worship? then abhorred be the day when thou didst fall, and cursed be the hand by which thou wert cut off: oh thy courage, and constancy cannot be sufficiently valued, let the thought of thy bloud be dread, and the sight of thy bloud cause many a bleeding heart. Oh bloudy design! oh bloudy day! was such a righteous man slain, one that did beautifie the Land with his graces, and sanctify the Land with sufferings? oh then let every gratious creature lift up a cry, and say *Alas*, *Alas*; Ah my Brother! Ah *Abel!* shall there be none to bewail such an accident? yes, doubtless

Invenies aliquem qui me suspiret ademptum, Ovid. 1. Trist.

There will be some pious soul that will swim in tears at such a sad casualty. We should not stand dumb spectators at such a wofull spectacle, but we should wail and howle, even

——lacrimis urgere Sepulchrum, Prop. l. 4.

bedew the Sepulchre, and endeavour to melt the stones of it with eye-water. *Is this a time to take Vineyards, and Oliveyards, and Fig-trees?* Is this a time for pleasure, and pastime, melody, and jollity? no, we should now lay aside Oyntments, and Ornaments; Tissues, and Timbrells; and put ashes upon our heads, cover our loyns with sackcloth, mourn sore like the Doves. That as the *Turks* say, that the Angels intermitted their Layes, and Hymns in Heaven for the the great slaughter, which they saw in the Plains of *Cassovia*, so we should intermit all delights, and our songs should be sighes, and our hymns amazement, and astonishment. Grace then, where are thy prickles? Zeal, where are thy sparkles? Passion, where are thy pangs? Compassion, where are thy bowells? This should be a time onely to keep silence, and to rend, and to cast away, and to break down, and to pluck up that which is planted, and to be far from embracing, for pain and perplexity, dejection and dolour, terrour and tears, anguish and agony. For art thou dead, oh *Abel*, and shalt thou not have thy dead-right? shalt we bury such a man, such a Saint, such a Martyr without sobbings, and throbbings, condolings, and conflicts, elegies, and ejulations? Oh thy death, was it not a disaster? may we not call it

Knowles Turk. Hist.

the fate of the age, the tempest of an incensed God, the eclipse of worship, and the burning feaver of Religion? oh what a sick Patient were we by it? how nigh were we to our winding-sheet? In the death of One, how many held their lives in uncertainty? for if *Abel* could have no pity shewn him, who should have been spared, that was of *Abel*'s judgement, or bare affection to *Abel*? no, the disease was mortal in *Abel*, and it might have proved Epidemical. *Abel* we cannot but honour thee, thou wert the right eye of profession, the top-branch of sanctity, thy Sacrifice was excellent, thy slaughter was execrable, thy grace was timely, thy grave untimely; though we cannot enjoy thy quick body, yet we will weep over thy dead corpse, though we spilt not our bloud with thee, yet we will moisten the place where thy bloud was shed, though we cannot sigh enough at the Sepulchre, yet we will write an Epitaph upon thy Tomb, *Here lyeth* Abel *thy righteous, whose faith was admirable, and Sacrifice was acceptable, whom God honoured, and Cain murthered*; Oh the eminency of thy life! oh the enmity against thy life! oh pretious *Abel*! Oh barbarous *Cain*! Thou art dead, but we will cause a resurrection of thee in our prayses; thou art dead, but we will preserve thee alive by our veneration, all holy men shall give up the ghost, all zeal to righteousnesse shall expire, before thou shalt be quite dead, thou shalt echo in our estimation, speake in our reverence, *Abel* is dead; *Abel* is not dead; the *Saints* can speake of *Abel*, *Abel's* graces can yet speak, *Abel* yet speaketh. *By it he being dead, yet speaketh.*

In the Text consider,

1. *The sacred virtue, Faith*, By it.
2. *The sad accident*, He being dead.
3. *The perpetuated honour*, Yet speaketh.

By it he being dead, yet speaketh.

First, for the sacred virtue, *Faith*, *By it*. From hence observe, that *Faith must consecrate to us all our religious expressions*. If we would do any gracious thing, it must be *by it*. *The just man doth live by faith* Hab. 2. 4. that is his vital principle. *Without faith it is impossible to please God*, Heb. 11. 6. that is our ingra-

plating virtue. I will not set the Graces at contention, but doubtless of all the 3. Theological virtues Faith is the Queen; it is the first in order, and the chiefe in disinthralling from sinne. *Tho. Aquinas* doth often say, that it is *principium spiritualis vitæ, & fundamentum totius ædificij*; the beginning of our spiritual life, and the foundation of the whole building: it onely doth beget in us the knowledge of God, and direct the intention, and pacify the conscience, and expelleth all doubts, and kindleth our fervour, and raiseth up in us our spiritual magnanimity; the eminency of it is that it can believe those things which it doth not discern, the proper object of Faith being *non visum*, a thing not seen, † for things apparent belong not to faith, but to acknowledgement. It is the singular vertue of apprehension, revelation, and certainty, *Lumen fidei*, *the light of faith* doth exceed all brightness, the truth of a God may be known by the light of nature, but the excellency of God cannot be known but by the light faith. Wisdome, and experience are but unde Graduates to faith; next to the hypostatical union, there is nothing more knitting then the hypostasis (the subsistence I may call it) of faith, for it unites God and the soul; the understanding, & secrets; the conscience, and Christ's merits; it is the best to search mysteries, and promises, and the triumph of the Redeemer; it liveth first, and worketh soonest, and watcheth most, and standeth firmest, and flieth highest, and perfecteth the Pilgrimage last; it must needs be a singular virtue, because it doth refine the understanding, the noblest faculty upon earth, and is supplied by vision, the high beatitude in Heaven; yea, that must needs be the greatest virtue, because the opposite to it, infidelity is the greatest sin. It is generally by the Fathers called the Mother-grace, because all vertues have their conception in her wombe, and she travelleth with them in birth. * *All virtues are nothing unless Faith be presupposed.* We do but seek for divine things in the dark without the torch-light of Faith, for † *without Faith nothing can be found*: *Theophylact* upon the 3d. of *Nah.* saith, That we can no more stir in any spiritual motions till Faith hath taken away all obstructions, then the Grasshopper can move till the Sun hath dried the dew and frost upon her wings. Doth not the Scripture ascribe all the honour to Faith in gratious things? yea, it is called the faith of Gods Saints, *Rev.* 13. 10.

† *Apparentia non habent fidem sed agnitionem.* *Greg. hom. 26. Evang.*

* *Nihil sunt omnes virtutes nisi præsupposita fide.* *Aug. l. 1. c. Iul. c. 5.*

† *Sine fide nihil invenire potest.* *Chrys. hom. 12. in 1 Tim.*

The faith of the elect, *Tit.* 1. 1. *By it we overcome the world*, 1 Jo. 5. 4. and are intitled to the family of God, it being called no other then the houshold of faith, *Gal.* 6. 10. By it we stand, 2 *Cor.* 1. 24. And are established, *Col.* 1. 23. And are kept, 1 *Pet.* 1. 5. It purifieth our hearts, *Acts* 15. 9. Procures our peace with God, *Rom.* 5. 1. And is our shield and brest-plate, *Ephes.* 6. Christ desired to preserve this unshaken in St. *Peter*? *Luk.* 22. 32. And will search for it most at the latter day of judgement, *for when the Son of man comes, shall he find faith upon earth*? *Luk.* 18. 8. It was most eminent in the woman of *Canaan*, *for oh woman, great is thy faith*, *Mat.* 15. 28. And it was that, that St. *Paul* triumphed in, namely, that he had kept the faith, 2 *Tim.* 4. 8. It is often called in Scripture the saving virtue, for, *By grace are ye saved through faith*, 2 *Ephes.* 8. *Thy faith hath saved thee*, *Luk.* 7. 50. And the end of our faith is the salvation of our souls, 1 *Pet.* 1. 9. If we respect therefore either the knowledge of God, or an interest in God; pardon, or peace, the operation of grace, or the growth in grace, a confident end, or a blessed rest, what more necessary then faith? yes, ye are to get it before all things, to keep it strictly, and to act wholly in the strength of it. It was *Abel*'s root and sap, formal principle, and Architectonical instrument, the engine of all his prime services, and perfections, for *By it*.

Appl. This doth reprove them which would do high things without a right qualification, which would be prime without a primordial vertue, which first seek for consequent virtues before they mind the consecrating virtue. Must faith sanctify all the works of grace? then how unhallowed are many pretending Believers? for is faith the *Alpha* in their Religion? the first fruits which they do offer in their profession? the first-born of their Christianity? no, a younger brother, and perhaps none of the births in the whole progeny of their virtues; faith doth not stand in the Front, but is usually brought up in the Reere, men strike up the bargain without laying down this earnest-penny, they profess, and pray, and frequent the Ordinances, and pretend mortification without faith; here is fervency, and forwardness without faith. *All men have not faith*, no, few men have faith; wisdome if ye will, but not faith; affections, but not faith; duties, but not faith; much

crying

crying Lord, Lord, and seeking the Lord dayly, and coming as people use to come, and drawing near with the mouth and howling upon their beds, and disfiguring their faces, and blowing trumpets, and using their forms of godlinesse, and seeming to be religious, and saying that they are Jews, and wearing sheeps clothing, and having horns like the lamb, and making a fair shew in the flesh, but very little faith, they build without a foundation stone, and grow up without a root. Faith is not the head-spring that feeds all their streams, nor the Captain with the leading-staffe in the hand, going before the Army of their religious exercises in the spiritual march, no,

——Postrema immani corpore Pistrix, *Virg. 3. Æneid.*

Faith, that is of the greatest valew, and validity doth come up in the last place. *Mysorum ultimus navigat*, Of all Professours the faithfull man is the last that set up sailes. Or if men have faith, it is but the faith of discovery, and not of dependence; of insight, and not of interest; of affirmation, and not of affiance; of attestation and protestation, and not of apprehension and application; they may have a notional faith, but not a pacifying faith; a magnifying, but not a justifying faith; a talking, but not a feeling faith. Thou hast a long time been a Gospeller, but when wilt thou be a Believer? thou seemest to have had many virtues, but when wilt thou have faith? thou presentest many of the handmaids, or sisters in Religion, but when wilt thou have the Mother-grace? or hast thou fallen down at the knees of thy Mother, and asked her blessing at thy uprising in Christianity? oh can any thing be congruous in Religion without faith? no, every thing is irregular, *nisi per justitiam fidei emendetur*, unless it be rectified by the justice of faith. *Hoc solum ad operis tui fructum, & virtutis proficit mercedem.* This only is available for the fruit of thy obedience, and the reward of thy virtue. *Nisi fides teneatur nullo modo ad spiritualem amorem pertingitur*, If there be not a possession of faith, there is no way to attain to spiritual love. Faith then must be thy principal Agent, and do all thy works, for *By it*.

Aug. lib. 1 Tim. *Amb. l. de Cain & Abel.* *Greg. in Ezech.*

Now if ye would know whether ye have any true faith in you, give me leave to put you upon a trial, the experiment that I will make upon you shall be by *Abel's* three characters. 1. If ye be per-

persons of integrity. 2. If ye count nothing to dear for your God. 3. If your reliance for souls blisse be meerly upon divine approbation. Lay down your naked consciences, & suffer me to dissect them.

First, Whether ye be persons of integrity. *Aristotle* could say, that *Simplex est quod est vacuum formis*, the simple thing is that which is void of forms, for true simplicity doth preserve unity in it self, multiplicity signify a composition; oh would to God now we had this intireness, and indivisibility in our Religion, that we held us to singleness of heart, and that simplicity, and godly pureness, which the Scripture doth require at our hands, but I doubt we are compounded Christians, and are addicted to too many formes; and where then is the reality and integrity of our profession? no, *Averroes* could say of a moral man, that it was sincerity onely, *quo hominem facit absolutum*, which doth make the absolute man. Was a moral man to be so, and not a religious man? yet, he which doth change himself into diverse acts is rather a subtle man, then a sincere man, he practice *Legerdemain*, and use the sleights of men, and work wilily, rather then desire to be an *Israelite* indeed, in whom is no guile. Sure I and my *Abel* had none of these cunning devices in his religion, no, he obtained witnesse that he was righteous, and what is that but upright? a man that is *Abel*, without any mixture, his vertue running as pure from his conscience, as water from the spring, or milk from the brest? And such candid clear spirited creatures should we be, for Religion must have no collusion in it, nor pacty any circumvention, but there must be in us the simplicity of the Dove, the single eye, our loyns must be girt about with the girdle of truth, we must walk in our integrity, be Jews inwardly, chaste Virgins, have pure hearts, and faith unfeigned. For *Malum cum se simulat esse bonum, tunc pessimum est*; An evil man, when he doth counterfeit himself to be good, then he is worst of all. What then shall become of our Craftsmasters in Religion? the Sophisters in the Church? what are these but the Mountebanks in Christianity? and the Cheats of the Age? these are eager upon reformation to bring in their own Paradoxes, and are passionate upon pure worship to sweep away the Church-patrimony, and cry up no King, that they might get the legislative power into their own hands, and every enlightned brother might hold a Scepter in his hand, and would throw down all

1. *Simplex est, quod est vacuum formis. Arist. Theol. Ægypt. l. 4. cap. 2.*

Averr. in 12 Metap. cap. 37. Qui se in varias artes commutat. Iesus. in Nos.

all Bishops; that every select Congregation might preach up Treason freely, and having no coercive power over their tender consciences, they might abrogate all the ancient usages of the Church, model up blasphemy into Orthodox Divinity, and congregate a secret Army to fight for their new Lights, under pretence of revelations, and the powerfull impulses of the spirit within them. Oh the hunting of mens souls! oh the diverse and strange doctrines! oh the corrupting of mens minds from the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus! oh this stumbling from the ancient paths! oh this walking in the spirit of falshood! oh this wearing a rough garment to deceive with! oh this biting of people with their teeth! oh this mistress of witchcrafts, & well-favoured harlot! oh this speaking half in the language of the *Jews*, and half in the language of *Ashdod*! oh this Leaven of the *Pharisees*! oh this merchandizing of the word! oh these snares upon *Mizpeh*! broken pits, errings in vision, making lyes a refuge, strong delusions, lying divinations, depths of Satan! is not this the spirit of giddiness that is able to make thousands to stagger? is not this *Jezebels* bed of fornications, that is able to make leacherous consciences to lose the chastity of their first faith? if the Serpent should preach again, could he with more tempting doctrine put the forbidden fruit into our mouths? if the Devil should transform himself into an Angel of light, could he with more dazeling beams consecrate, and irradiate men into Hell? When I meet with such a new Gospeller, I count him such an Epicœne, that I scarcely know what Gender to make him of, or such an Heteroclite that I know not how to decline him, such a Scholar doth learn strange Grammatical rules of his pedagogues, they are like the Artists of these dayes which teach without grounds, or by such grounds as were never heard of before; *Paracelsian* Physick, & *Enthusiastical* Divinity are much alike, *Baltazar's* Academy was nothing like to their Ritilant, Limpid, Translucid, Sun-rayed *Gymnasium*. Sure I am every disciple which comes from them doth seem to be a Seer, a Prophet; but rather a Diviner, a Lymphatick an Inchanter, a Sphinx: *totus ambiguus*, wholly in his ambiguities, instead of the reality of Religion, there is nothing but *visio phantasmatis*, the vision of a phantasme. Now is this to be a Saint? no, it is to be a Seducer, piety admits of no imposture. No, *woe be to him which goeth two manner of ways.* *Hieron.* *Greg.*

A true religious man must be an *Abel*, a righteous man, that is, a person of integrity.

2. Secondly, Whether ye do count nothing too dear for God Almighty. *Abel offered an excellent Sacrifice, the Firstlings of the flock, and the fat thereof*; so we should offer not onely the firstlings of our mind, and the fat of our devotion, but the principal of our stock, and substance; for if Sacrifices be the representations of our souls, then as the Sacrifice is, so is the soul; if they be the protestations of our faith and zeal, then we are such Believers and Zelots, as our Sacrifices testify us to be; even our exteriour actions do declare our interiour intentions; yea, if they be the attingencies, whereby by a * kind of participation, or society we do cleave to God Almighty, then we had need to be very serious, and solemn in our Sacrifices, that we might have an interest in God, or an intimacy with him. Why is a Sacrifice so called? if it be named *Sacrificium quasi sacrum factum*, as if an holy thing made, or *Sacrificium quia sacros nos efficit*, It doth make us holy, then how excellent had that Sacrifice need to be, that should either make a thing, or our selves holy? *Astaxanus* saith, that it is *an act of the will, whereby a man doth deliver up himself to the service of God*; But that is a strange kind of resigning up of a mans self to God, where the principal thing is reserved, and substracted to himself, and God is turned off with any manner of Sacrifice. *Altenstaig* therefore saith, that a true devout man doth *draw himself into an unity*, and summon in all his estate, that there might appear to be in him a pure intention, *dandi summum suum bonum Deo, ut summo bono*, of giving his chief good to God, as the chief good; nothing must be held too excellent to gain the most excellent God; for our Sacrifices are our value, and appretiation of the great God; should we not then in them expresse our high estimate of God? and declare the inward honour, and reverence of our selves? yes, or else they are no *Sacrifices of righteousness*, Deut. 33.19. Nor shall they *Come up with acceptance upon Gods Altar*, *Esa.* 60.7. But where now is *Abel*? where is *this excellent Sacrifice*? no, a *Cain's* Oblation, a few light sheaves, or some lean beast, the worstlings rather then the firstlings; the leanlings rather then the fatlings of what we do possess: though nothing be fair and fat enough for our selves, yet any withered

* *Quasi quadam societate Deo adhæreamus.* *Aug. de civit. Dei l.* 18. *c.* 6. *Gabriel. Albertus Magnus. Actus voluntatis, quo homo se tradit divino obsequio.* *Astax. in* 1 *Sum.* 1. 5. *tit.* 37. *Colligit se ad unitatem.* *Altenst. Milderim.*

thered eares, or decayed beast are good enough for our God, though we receive all from him, yet God shall receive as little as we can from us: Oh the name of a great family, and the leaving a rich posterity is ten thousand times dearer unto us then our immortal souls, or that blessed God, by whom we do flourish upon earth, and with whom we would reign in Heaven. It do appear, too too evidently appeare. For though our houses may be never so richly burnished, yet Gods Temple must not be too much adorned, though our Agents, and Factours may have never such bountifull allowances, yet Gods Ministers must not have too great Salaries; though our titles of honour may be set out with all the splendour that may be, yet the Church may not have too high titles, nor shine too brightly with honour; though vast sums may be bestowed upon the Capital House, or the Mannour House, yet beware of the like expences upon an Almes-house, or an Hospital; no, these houses usually are built very low, and few there are, that though God hath raised them out of tatters, and fetched them out of shuds, and cottages, which can find spare-money enough to regratiate God with such a building, for all the gorgeous mansions he hath bestowed upon them: I see many goe in ruffes, and gold-chains (which not long since were Sithy-coats) but none of these Heaven-roofs, or Souls-structures, or Kingdome-fabricks do they mind. Are these the times of magnificence? is this the Age of Christian bounty? no, a man would think, that our Gospel taught us nothing but propriety, and to look after the liberties of the free-born people of *England*. We care not what we bestow upon lusts, riots, ambition, malice, but no such bounty is shewn in Oblations, and Sacrifices; no, the Altar must not have too much cost bestowed upon it, people cannot endure to be charged in the service of God; we are sumptuous to the one, penurious to the other; we will give our ear-rings to make a calf, but scarcely a loose spangle to beautify a Sanctuary; we will bestow bagge upon bagge upon our own projects, but scarcely a few clipt pieces upon the honour of Religion. I pray what hath the late bloudy war cost this Nation? is there a Scribe living which can bring in a true account? but would not half of these Millions spent upon charitable and pious works have made this Church, and Nation famous to all posterities? yet these people threw in Bodkins, and

Thimbles, and bring Place till they drank in Wooden-dishes, and were mad upon subscribing and indenting with the *Publick Faith*; and believe me, from very Abjects grew publick men; Gold-smiths Hall and Haberdashers Hall were better Trades then that at the Exchange; I know, (and you know better) who they were that drew notable prizes out of that Lottery. But when shall we see men so prompt, expedite, accelerating about works truly religious? The Devil hath nobler spirits to serve him then God Almighty, sure I am, he can command more of the purse, and hath his Contributours more ready and bountifull; a bloudy design is advanced with more celerity and magnificence then a blessed attempt. For heavenly things are none of our Arts, there are few Merchants free of this Company, it would be be a difficult thing to find Adventurers here; oh rare adventuring to buy a silver key to enter an inheritance without the Heirs consent! oh singular doubling, to double men out of their fee-simples at two years purchase! there were notable Chapmen in those dayes, & famous Adventurers; & yet these Protestants, and would have faith and worship according to the best reformed Churches; but these have money for nothing but to buy Delinquents estates, they will lay out nothing to purchase a thing in Franckalmony in Heaven; yet which is the better bargain? I assure him mine exceeds his an hundred to one, and yet it will not doe, these men can read no further then Tenures and Rentails, a Debt-book, and last Testament, I shall never get a Committee-man, nor an Excise-man, nor a negotiatour, nor a Mart-man on my Party; For all our Bibles & Pulpits, the Crowns and Thrones which we offer we cannot raise a Bank, I see where the Stable commodity is setled; The Merchants heirs by my profets cannot get Mannors and Royalties, and match into Noblemens Families. Therefore away with the excellent Sacrifice, and give them the excellent booties, and bargains, we shall find *Abel*'s Firstlings and fat in few hands. If men do with *Abel*'s hand and heart Sacrifice upon God's Altar, there is nothing but censure and scandal, emulation, and rancour. Such worship is called will-worship, and such devotion, superstition. *What needed this waste?* old *Judas* his plea, profusenesse in what is bestowed upon themselves, but all is waste which is bestowed upon God, or godly actions; oh saith my ripe-witted frugal professour, this is but the

superfluity

superfluity of ceremonious spirits, the old riots of men Popishly affected; we like not (say they) your pomp in Religion, nor this same resurrection of good works, and actions called pious in a Protestant Church, it doth resemble too much in the visage broad-faced merit, defiance therefore to your excellent sacrifice. But oh will ye serve God with that which cost you nought? or present unto him the refuse? a present for the potter? Therefore when ye are sacrificing to your God, ye should with *Alexander* cast in incense with both hands, or with the old Athenians, offer your best Jewels; else God *will not take an offering with good will* at your hands, but *spread the dung of your sacrifices upon your faces.* A true Professour, with *Abel*, must be known by his oblations, not by the excellency of his titles, endowments, formal expressions, long prayers, disfiguring fasts, lifting up his hands to heaven, holy leagues, *&c.* but by the excellency of his Sacrifices; the firstlings and the fat appearing there are better then larded devotions, according to the new rules of Cookery.

Thirdly, whether your reliance for soul-blisse be meerly upon Divine approbation. For *Abel* was onely desirous, that he might *obtain Gods witnesse, and that he would testifie concerning his gifts,* And so indeed a true Saint should do all to have praise of God, 1 *Cor.* 4. 5. and that he might accept of his work, *Eccles.* 9. 7. For a strange thing it is, that many men should do all to make the world a *Numen*, which do desire to have no fire fall upon the sacrifice, but the flame of popular applause; that *men might have their persons in admiration, and give them flattering titles.* I doubt this hath been the affectation of many magnified Gospellers in these latter dayes, that their chief activenesse hath been to be cried up by their own Parties, and to have the shouts of their zealous brethren to be Champions of a new device, and devotion. Now is this pure spirit? no, it is pure popularity, it is to be *puffed up with a fleshly mind*, of the just bent of *Zedekiah*, *Anaziah*, and all the false Prophets and inchanting Statesmen which have been in former times. For what is it but to put *totum fructum in laude hominum*, the whole fruit of all our Religious pretensions in the praise of men; or, *venari gloriam mercenariam*, to hunt after a mercenary vain-glory. As if they approved

3.

Aug.

Ieronm.

proved of the made depredications of their own Adherents, and the parasongs of their own parasitical Teachers, more then they did of the *Hosannahs* of Saints, the *Halelujahs* of Angels, or the fire that should fall from Gods own hand to consume their oblations; I mean, Divine acceptance, justification, and benediction. But a true godly man standeth onely upon his *Record in heaven*, and doth desire no more to attest the lawfulnesse of all his actions, then the sentence of Gods own mouth. *Abel* is onely for divine approbation.

This then is faith, and this is the right fruit of faith, namely, an excellent sacrifice. Oh thus let us believe, let us have *Abels* faith, and *Abels* sacrifice; let us lay aside all nominall, titular inventions and circumventions, and let us ingratiate our selves to be Gods Favourites by this Divine virtue, that we may get Gods face, and favour *by it*. *By it*.

Now let us come to the sad accident, *He being dead*.

From hence observe, that *Death is a certain lot*. Our years are not unlimited, for *Are not his dayes determined? the number of his moneths are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds which he cannot passe*, Job. 14. 5. As fast girt as we keep this flesh unto us, yet we must be *absent from the body*, 2 Cor. 5. 4. Our legs will be too feeble ere long to stand upon, for *man lyeth down*, Job 14. 12. Our Progenitours are stept before us into deaths vault, and we are hastening after them, even to be *gathered to our Fathers*, Gen. 15. 15. Heroes, and Hectours, cannot alwayes march here; for, *How are the mighty fallen?* 2 Sam. 1. 25. They which do ride post shall be but the sooner at their journeys end; they which do physick their bodies never so much can take no antidote against the grave; we are no fixed stars, but *stellæ cadentes, falling starres*; we must all passe the Ecliptick line, and have the Winter Solstice come upon us. *Whilst men do decline death, they do hasten it. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida ætas. Whilst we speak, life is flying away.* Every gasp doth call on the last gasp. I hear of redeeming of Captives, but there is *no man which doth redeem himself from death, not the rich*. Bloud-royal will be congealed, the Scepter will drop out of the hands of the greatest Conquerours and Commanders; of the sprightliest Wight, or brightest Spark, ere long it will be said, *He being dead*.

Mortem dum declinant, accelerant, Aug. ep. 6. ad Ital. vidua, Horat. Nemo est, qui redimit se à morte non ipsi divites, Amb. orat. funeb. de Valentin.

This

This doth reprove this infatuated age, an indocible scholar it is, which can learn any principle rather then the dying Maxime; it is an apparent truth, but security hath turned it into a paradox; nature cannot teach thee it, nor the most inspired Teacher cannot preach it home to thy conscience. Thou walkest by many a grave with very quick spirits, and dost depart from many a Funeral Sermon with a defying brow, readier to grapple with the living, then to go rot with the dead; or to follow thy pleasures, then to follow thy Ancestours. *The rich Carle doth talk of dainties (Soul take thy ease, eat, drink, and be merry) when they were at hand, which that night should take away his soul.* So men feast, and build, and purchase, and design, as if the arrow of death should never stick in their bosomes, or the Pursivant of the grave should carry them to prison. *The soul most unwillingly doth leave the body.* We are loth to see any symptomes of death, or howsoever we hold them not prognosticks of an approaching dissolution. Men that have dimme eyes, deaf ears, weak joints, pursive lungs, wrimpled foreheads, yet think themselves far from the grave. I do not ask thee, whether thou hast searched natures decayes, but whether thou hast searched thy conscience; not whether thou hast bequeathed thy estate, but whether any more then under a Scriveners pen, thou hast bequeathed thy soul into the hands of Almighty God; not whether thou hast laid out thy winding-sheet, but whether thou hast manifested thy mortification. For the want of the apprehension of death, repentance hath but few tears, devotion few sparks, regeneration few fruits. We are lustful, spightful, covetous, ambitious, treacherous, sacrilegious, because we look not into the graves mouth. But *will we nill we, death cannot be far off.* These vaunting mouths of ours will have their clappers drop out, these politick heads will be but dead skulls, these sweet complexions will be but grave-dust. We may be dead before the next Moon doth change, before the next morning doth dawn. We are the living, we must be the dead. *He being dead.*

Appl.

De esciis loquebatur cum praesto aderant qui animam eriperent, Basil. 2. for. de div. avaro.

Anima invita corpus relinquit, Chrys. hom. 87. in Iohan.

Velimus, nolimus, moriemur non longe abesse, Iero. ad Heliod.

But Secondly, is *Abel* dead? From hence observe, that the most righteous men are not priviledged from death. *God doth destroy the perfect with the wicked. Do not all go to one place? what preeminence hath the wise above the fool? The Fathers fall asleep, and do the Prophets live for ever?* no, *all ly*

2. *Obs.*

down alike in the dust, Job 21.26. Where is *Noah* that Preacher of righteousnesse, that was kept alive in the Ark at that great Funeral of the world to new-people the earth? Where is *Abraham the Father of the faithfull*, and that *Friend of God*? Where is *Job*, which was so righteous, that there was not the like unto him upon earth? Where is *Moses*, which spake with God face to face? Where is *John* the Evangelist, which leaned in Christs bosome, and was ravished in the spirit? Alas, these trees of righteousnesse are withered, these chosen vessels are shivered, these children of light have left shining, these new Creatures are become mortal Creatures, and have hid their regenerate faces under a grave-stone. *The whitest flowers do fall, the goodly Marbles wear away. Grace doth redeem us from hell, but not from the sepulchre. We have read of holy and perfect men, who being full of dayes, ended their dayes, and departed.* Ye may see those eyes closed which did flow with tears, and those lips silent which inspired the age, and those hands cramped which wrought miracles, and those faces grisly which were radiant with graces. The best Actours at last do leave the stage, the sweetest fruits do drop from the tree, the brightest lamps at last are extinguished. *Abel*, that had such an eminent faith, and offered such an excellent sacrifice dead. *He being dead.*

Alba ligustra cadunt, Marmora fatiscunt. Gratia redimit à gehenna, sed non à sepulchro. Legimus sanctos viros & perfectos, plenos dierum abhinc migrasse, Ber. ser. 627. super Qui habitat:

Appl.

This doth shew, that *we must not be too affectionate to the Beaupeers of Religion*, no, worship God, but do not commit Idolatry with the best Saints, as if they were immortal, or had an eternity in them; we may rejoyce in their presence, and their faces cannot be too dear to us, we may weep at their departure, and no storms are enough at such a sad accident; but let us know, that they will be taken from our sides and sight; yea, though they did excell upon earth, and had their praise in the Gospel, and were famous in the Congregation, insomuch, that the eye that saw them blessed them, and the ear that heard them gave testimony to them. Those which sucked at the brests of the Church were put out to that dry Nurse, death; the enamelled weapons of Christianity, were at last sheathed up in that black scabbard of the grave. *Valentinian* was a famous Emperour, but what saith S. *Ambrose* of him? *That he was such an one, it doth pertain to his admiration; that he proved mortal, it doth pertain to humane fragility.*

Quod talis fuit, admirationis est, quod mortalis fuit humanæ fragilitatis est, Amb. orat. in obit. Val.

fragility.

fragility. *Adeodatus* was a pious Bishop, but what saith *Platina* of him? *The holy man died lamented of all.* This is the fate of the best men, that they should feel the craze of nature, and as their last comfort should leave their virtuous friends with soaked eye-balls for the want of them. Blesse their graces, for how happy are ye that ye can but fix your eyes on such Ornaments, but fix not their stations here, for *this world is not worthy of them*; make the best use of them whilst they are present, for ye have but a short time to enjoy them. They which are stocked with the Ingots of the spirit, and have in them perfections more precious then the Topaz of *Æthiopia*, yet they do but *carry these treasures in earthen vessels.* The purest Saints must turn into pit-dust, grave-gelly, the most memorable men are but mortal men, *Abel* is dead. *He being dead.*

Vir sanctissimus moritur fletus ab omnibus, Plat. in Adeod.

But thirdly, is *Abel* dead? how dead? made away, murthered, for because he *obtained witnesse that he was righteous*, he is hated with a witnesse, that God *testified his gifts*, he is massacred for his gifts; for his excellent Sacrifice he is made a Sacrifice; an Assassinate dispatched him, *Cain* slew him, *He is dead*, thus dead. From hence observe, that *Zeal to the truth is exposed to great hazards*, a man cannot live to God, but with the peril of his life. *He that departeth from iniquity lyeth open to the prey, ye shall be hated of all men for my names sake, they shall lay hands on you, and draw you before Councils, and kill you. Men hazard their lives for the name of the Lord Iesus*, Acts 15. 26. *The Saints resist unto bloud*, Heb. 12. 14. *They are slain for the word of God, and the testimony*, Rev. 6. 4. *There are in heaven the souls of them which were beheaded*, Rev. 20. 4. This warfare cannot oftentimes be waged *sine ferro, & sanguine*, without the sword, and bloud. Professours are Christs Volunteers, and these must not think to be accounted Souldiers barely by having their names recorded in the Muster-book; no, *God doth permit some of them to be slain for the triall of the truth.* The Standard of the Gospel cannot be set up without some falling in the field. The Church is Gods winepresse, Professours are the grapes, and divers times *in stead of wine they pour out bloud.* The Altar of God hath not onely oblations out of the flock, but God doth search his own fold for an offering, Saints are Sacrifices; *Abel* the first Martyr

3. *Obs.*

Tertull. Deus permittit occidi justos ad probationem veritatis, Chrys. in 95. Ps. Vice vini sanguinem funditis, Op. l. 1. ep. 14.

Martyr after his excellent Sacrifice is thus laid upon the Altar, he is thus dead.

1. *Appl.* This doth shew in the first place, that profession is in peril. *Why then stand we alwayes in jeopardy*, 1 Cor. 15. 33. *The Saints steps are hunted, they are chased sore, their persecutours are swifter then the Eagles, for thy sake are we slain all the day long*, truth is a triall, faith is a fray. Here is the Shambles, and the sheep of Christ are brought to the butchering, the birth-day of Religion was dedicated in bloud, under a crucified Redeemer the gibbet is set up to all, every one must take up his crosse, and some must hang upon the crosse. Thou that wouldst be a Gospeller, and live in all manner of safety, and carry thy Writ of priviledge, and protection along with thee, as if thou shouldst never come into danger, thou wilt be infinitely deceived. This is Gospel good enough for a Neuter, and a Time-server, but not for a faithfull servant of Christ Jesus. Religion must come as near to thee as thy skin, thou must not onely give up thy name, but thou must give up thy neck to Christ Jesus. *He that would save his life shall lose it. He that doth deny me before men, I will deny him before my Father, which is in heaven. Whence come these that are arrayed in white? they come out of great tribulation*, Rev. 7. Oh under profession *there are many floods, and terrible surges. There is but one combate, but divers wayes to bring men to destruction.* These are the extremities of Martyrs, the Church is but a kind of Correction-house, a Slaughterhouse, thousands of Christs followers have gone out of the world headlesse, they have swom to heaven not onely in a stream of tears, but bloud. *Abel* is thus arrived at his Port, thus he is got over land into his own Country, *Abel* is thus dead.

Multi fluctus, & undæ immanes, Chrys. Tom. 10. de expulsi. Agon unus, sed multiplici præliorum numerositate congestus, Cyp. l. 2. ep. 4.

2. Secondly, this doth serve to exhort all persons, *not to think the worse of men for their sufferings.* The most righteous have usually the saddest deaths. Wicked men have the upperhand of the godly in this world, they may not onely reproach them, but ruine them; not onely cast out their names as evil, but punish them as the most evil of the world. *Jeroboam* can buffet a Prophets cheeks, *Ahab* can lay *Micaiah* in fetters, *Herod* can strike off *John Baptists* head, the Jews can whip Christ at a pillar, and crucifie him. What abominable Monsters were *Nero*, *Domitian*, *Decius*, *Diocletian*, and *Julian*, yet how did these kill Christians, burn

burn their bodies for torch-light in the nights, boil them in caldrons, roſt them upon gridirons, beat them in pieces in mortars, caſt them to wild beaſts to be devoured? Oh therefore let not the miſeries of ſuffering men be their diſparagement, nor their diſaſters be their ſcandals, for the canker and palmer-worm can eat the ſweeteſt fruits, yea fire melt the moſt pretious gold. How have Miſcreants had liberty to exerciſe their rage and fury, upon the Darlings of Gods boſome? to trample underfoot the gemmes of Chriſtianity? to deface Mirrours? *Cain* ſlew *Abel* the moſt righteous man in the world, *Abel* is thus dead.

Eruca ſuavissimos fructus devoret. Hieron.

Ignis excoquat aurum, &c.

Thirdly, this doth ſhew, that *ſome men care not to tyrannize over the righteous.* Thoſe whom they ſhould admire, they envy, and whom they ſhould preſerve, they ſlaughter; violence doth cover them as a garment, they ſwallow up men alive as the grave, their teeth are as ſwords and knives; in their skirts is found the bloud of innocents, they devour the man more righteous then their ſelves, they are as roaring Lions, and evening Wolves; they are drunk with the bloud of the Saints, that whereas a man would think that the innocency of ſuch holy men ſhould daunt them, and their conſpicuous graces make the edge of their fury to rebate, that their hands ſhould ſhiver, and their heart-ſtrings tremble to make havock of ſuch pure and ſpotleſſe livers; for had they not as good ſtrike at Gods face? and bend a Spear at Gods breſt? Yes, *He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of mine eye*, yet *This bruti ſh fury doth delight in nothing more then bloud and wounds.* Perfume doth not give ſuch a fragrant ſent to theſe mens noſtrils, as the ſmell of their dead enemies, as *Vitellius* ſaid of *Otho* ſlain at *Bebriack*. *Boni viri lachrymabiles*, Good men are apt to ſhed tears, but theſe bloud. They care not to rend in pieces the richeſt veſtures in Gods Wardrobe, to pluck the brighteſt gemmes out of his Crown, to ſlay the moſt righteous men, which ever beautified the world, or bleſſed the Church. *Cain* hath no checks nor frights to ſhed the bloud of him that was the lamp of faith, and is honoured to have offered the moſt excellent Sacrifice. *Abel* is thus dead.

3.

Ferina iſta rabies vulneribus & ſanguine gaudere ſolet, &c. Sueton.

Fourthly, This doth ſhew that the nobleſt Chriſtian is the ſuffering Chriſtian, he is an *Abel*, Martyrdome is the *acme* of honour, for can any expreſſe greater love unto God, then *not to*

4.

Ive

love the life unto death? no, this love is stronger than the Grave, it is an easie matter to serve God with a whole skin, but what is it to serve God in a gasht skin? others attend upon Christ, but these fight for Christ; others devote their selves unto him, but these die for him; others uphold Religion with their affections, but these with their ashes. Who then are in greater honour with Christ, then these Friends which serve him in the bloudy duty? no, others shall stand in his presence, but these shall stand at his right hand. * *The purer Crown, and the brighter splendour do belong to them.* And well may they have it, when † *Martyrs* are more glorious then many Suns. Oh it is a singular thing, when a *Martyr* doth offer his flesh to feed profession, and his bloud to propagate the truth, that that lying at the root of faith it might thrive the better. The highest testimony of affection, that a Christian can shew to his Fellow-professours is, * *that he had rather die for others, then live to himself.* Then the Star doth culminate, then the Phœnix doth consume with a kind of fragrancy in his bed of sweet spices. Can ye think of a man that thus pledged his faith to Christ and his Spouse? which might have lived (if he would have submitted to abasing conditions) but chose rather to be a spectacle upon a Scaffold, and to be baptized in his own bloud, then he would vary from his Tenets, betray the honour of the Church, and be perfidious to his Nation? oh that man is worth a million of talking Gospellers, and self-preserving Protestants, therefore set a characteristical mark upon such an one, let him be noted with an Asterick, write him down *Martyr*, for he is an *Abel*, *Abel* is thus dead. *He being dead.*

Now let us come to the perpetuated honour, *Yet speaketh*, how? *yet speaketh?* could *Abel* being dead yet speak? yes, though he were dead he did yet speak, because he did yet speak at Gods Throne for vengeance. 2ly. Because he did yet speak in the lips of the Saints, who did highly honour his graces. 3ly. He did yet speak, because he did speak amongst the glorified spirits, triumphing in a state of immortality.

First, He did yet speak, because he did speak at Gods Throne for vengeance according to the opinion of † *Bullinger*, he did speak, because the bloud of *Abel* did speak, bloud hath a roaring voice. From hence observe that *the shedding of innocent bloud doth raise up a fierce cry*, it will make a dead man to speak. Gods ears can-

* *Integrior corona debetur Martyribus & splendor omnium gloria pulchrior. Cyp. de laude Martyr.*

† *Nullis Solibus illustriores Martyres. Chrys. hom. 7. de Macab.*

* *Mallet aliis occidi, quam sibi vivere. Amb. fun. Orat. de frat. Sat.*

† *Quum dicit ipsum clamasse morituum, significat Deum indigna ejus morte commotum esse, ut vindictam sumeret. Bullinger.*

not be quiet, till they have taken notice of it, and Gods hands cannot be at rest till they have inflicted punishment for it. For can bloud be spilt, and shall Gods eyes which run to and fro through the whole earth not observe it? yes, *God maketh inquisition for bloud*, Psal. 9. 12. He maketh search for other things, but strict search for this, *inquisition*. Can bloud be spilt, and shall not Gods hands, which execute vengeance upon all sinners, lay on an astonishing judgement upon such an head? yes, *when he maketh inquisition for bloud*, he remembreth them, that is, executeth vengeance with furious rebukes. *Ezech.* 25. 17. punisheth them to purpose. Such have taken away the pretious life of man, and if they shall suffer which take away the pretious estate of a man, what shall they do which do take away the pretious life of a man? God doth command his people *to put away from the Land the guilt of innocent bloud*; and if he doth command others to do this, doubtlesse he will do it himself. It is a dangerous thing for any sin to goe touch upon touch, how much more for *bloud to touch bloud*? *Hos.* 4. 2. There cannot almost be a greater transgression, then to be a *shedder of bloud*, Ezech. 16. And *to shed bloud causelesse*, 1 Sam. 25. 1. It was *David*'s crime, for which he made his Penitential *Psalm* 51. & cried out so passionately to have the guilt and curse of it removed from his soul, *Deliver me oh Lord from bloudguiltinesse*. It was *Manasses*'s trespasse, which neither prayers nor repentance could wholly expiate. For though God pardoned it concerning his person, yet his posterity many years after smarted for it, for *Manasses filled the streets of Jerusalem with bloud, which the Lord would not pardon*, 2 King. 24. 4. Is there a more horrid person then the bloudy man? Is there a deeper dye then the Scarlet, and Crimson spot? The chevalrised conscience of *Judas* had horrour for it, *I have sinned in betraying innocent bloud*. The Prophet saith, that the stone out of the wall shall cry, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it, *Woe unto him, unto him that buildeth with bloud* instead of hewen stone, Hab. 2. 11, 12. If any man was killed at *Athens*, a spear was set upon the grave of him, which was to intimate his murther should be revenged; so doubtlesse Gods spear is set upon the graves of them that are made away in this barbarous manner, to shew that he will be their just and severe Avenger. When *Julius Cæsar* heard

Suidas.

heard that some of his Soldiers were slain causelessly, & treacherously, he vowed that he would never shave himself till he had brought the Authours to condign punishment. So God will never lay down his sword of Justice till they have felt the edge of it, which with malice and violence have bereaved their brethren of their lives. Thou thinkest that thou art free when thy enemy is taken out of the way, no, his bloud is stabbing thee to the heart, thou shalt find that fight more fiercely against thee, then his armed hand. *Abel* was dead, but his bloud did cry for vengeance, and so he did *yet speak*.

Se nunquam rasurum capillos. Polian. l. 8.

Appl. This doth serve *to fray the murtherer*. Art thou *Cain*? hear *Abel* speaking against thee; art thou a bloudy man? be an astonished man; though the image of God in thy brother could not affright thee, but thou hast defaced that, yet let the vengeance of God terrify thee, which will pursue thee, and be felt with confounding blows both upon thy body and soul. Oh that thou canst look down upon the earth, where thy brothers bloud doth lie, oh that thou canst look up to the heavens where thy brothers bloud doth cry! Is *Abel* dead? let *Cain* look to his head. Thou hast been a man of rage, and God is *the God of recompenses*, Jer. 51. 56. Is there a man slain? slain in a murtherous way? oh that thou canst look man in the face! oh that thou canst look thy self in the face! Thou art a man-slayer, where is thy mans nature? how near dost thou come to a savage beast? thou art a man-slayer, how near dost thou come to the Devil *who was a murtherer from the beginning*? Jo. 8. 44. Oh that thy brothers Ghost doth not haunt thee as *Agrippina*'s did *Nero*, and strook him with burning torches, and whipt him with furies! oh that the birds of the aire do not chatter out thy guilt, as *Bessus* striking through a nest of Swallowes, he thought they had been so many witnesses to accuse him for the death of his Father. Oh that thou canst eat thy meat, and not think that thou seest thy brothers head in the platter, as *Theodoricus* having slain *Symmachus* he conceived (sitting at Table) that the head of a fish was the head of *Symmachus*, and gaped upon him! Thou hast shed bloud, oh that bloud doth not gush from all thy members, as it did from *Charles* the Ninth of *France* after the Massacre of *Paris*! oh that thou canst lie down at night, and not fear that some Fiend should cast thee out of bed! that thou canst

Sueton. in Ner. Plut. de sera vindicta.

Id ibid. Cel. Rhod. l. 27. c. 22. & Procop. de bell. Goth. 1. French Hist.

canst be quiet in thy rest, and not cry out at midnight, as if thou wert awakened with appalling visions! oh that thou canst walk alone! that thou canst think any locks strong enough for thee! that thou dost not set strict guards about thee! that thou dost not suspect thine own guards! that thy brothers pale face doth not continually present it self with dread before thy eyes! that thy brothers dying groans do not continually pierce thy ears! that clodders of bloud do not stick upon thy garments! that bowles of bloud do not seem to be cast in thy face! that though for a while thou dost escape for thy murther, yet that thou dost not fear to fall into some other gross crime, which should take away thy life, or be executed for the suspicion of some heignous guilt, as *Addæus* the great Favorite of *Justinian* lived securely for a space after a murther committed, but after, he was put to death for a fact charged upon him, which he had never done. Oh that every thing thou seest should not appear sanguine! that every thing thou sentest should not carry the smell of bloud! hast thou wept since? oh that those tears were not bloud! hast thou voided any spittle since? oh that thou didst not spit bloud! Thou shouldest talk of nothing but bloud, nor dream of any thing but bloud! oh that thou hast not one trusty friend to tell thee of this bloud; oh that thou hast not one faithfull Priest to charge this bloud upon thee! canst thou expect long life? no, the bloud-thirsty man shall not live out half his dayes; canst thou expect future blisse? no, *Woe be to them which walk in the wayes of Cain.* Thou hast washed thy hands since, but how wilt thou wash thy conscience; thou hast slept since, but thou canst not sleep away thy curse; no, sleep on for a while, but Gods vengeance will awaken thee. Thy brothers bloud will not be expiated without a dismal judgement; for he is gone, but God doth remain; his tongue doth not cry, but his bloud doth cry; he is dead, but *yet speaketh*, because he is speaking at Gods Throne for judgement.

Plut:

Evag. Eccles. Hist. li. 4. c. 3.

Secondly, He doth *yet speak*, because he doth speak in the lips of the Saints, which did highly honour his graces, according to the opinion of *Carthusian*, he doth speak, because *loquendi materiam nobis ministrat. He doth give us occasion to speak of him*; for should such a famous Saint be forgotten? no, * *His faith and his Sacrifice do make him so commendable, that they ought ever to be commemorated by us, and his praise ought never to goe out of our mouthes*

* *Fides & opus ejus reddunt eum tam commendabilem, ut semper sint commemoranda nobis, nec deficiat laudis ejus de ore hominum usque in evum.* Carthus. in locum.

mouthes to all ages. From hence observe, *That a godly man ought never to die to the Church, but the Saints remaining are to be his faithful Remembrancers. The memory of the just shall be blessed,* Pr. 10. 7. *The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance,* Psal. 112. 6. For have they so forsaken us, that they have carried all along with them? what? their virtues and their piety? no, though they be dead to the world, yet they should not be to the Church; though they be not in our eyes, yet they should be in our brests; though we cannot salute them, yet we should value them, yea, admire them, and have them in the highest honour; we should pay to them their † stipendary tears, yea, their most holy * life should still shine before all eyes, and be esteemed with the highest price and honour, as *Platine* saith of St. *Jerome.* Thus though they be buried, yet we should perfume their Sepulchres, though they be dead, yet they should speak.

* *Admirari, & in summo honore habere. Greg. Naz. Monod. de Basilio.*

† *Solvaramus stipendiarias lachrimas. Amb. orat. funeb. de Valentin.*

* *Vita ejus sanctissima omnibus præluceat, & in precio, & honore sit. Plat. in Bonifac. 1.*

Appl. This doth shew that piety doth carry an eternity with it; an holy man should be a kind of an immortal man, he should live in all ages by a successive quickning; for though the best Saints may die, yet they should not be quite buried under ground; no, wicked men may have nothing left of them but their Grave-stone, their bodies may rot, and their names may rot, they minded nothing but this earth, therefore let them be written in the earth, let their breath and remembrance perish together, let the last speach be of them at their Funerals, let them be nailed down in their Coffins, and none after converse with them, but the Natives of the grave, the worms; let them lie silent to all the earth besides; let their memory be compared to ashes, and let them leave their names as a curse; but as for the godly let them be *in ore omnium, & alia lingua loquantur*, *in the mouthes of all, and speak with another tongue*; let their names resound, and their fames flourish; let us lament the losse of them, as if our eyes were plucked out of our heads, and let us reverence them, *tanquam adhuc adessent, & Deo servirent*, as St. *Aug. as if they were present, and still serving their God.* Though they be expired, yet let our praises give them a new vital spirit, let them not die so long as there is one true Saint living; no, though they be dead, *yet let them speak*, speaking in the lips of the Saints honouring their graces. Third-

Sarset.

Naz. Monod. de Basil.

Thirdly, He doth *yet speak*, speaking amongst the glorified spirits where he is triumphing in a state of immortality, according to the opinion of *Haymo*. Though *Cain* destroyed him so farre as concerned his body, yet he could not destroy his glory; no, *Abel's* better part is bright, his soul is in glory. From hence observe, *That a Saints dying day is a glorifying day, the birth-day of felicity.* This breath is no sooner gone, but a new breath is taken in another world, such are no sooner dead Corps, but they become melodious Choristers. *Dust returns to dust, and the spirit to God that gave it. This Tabernacle is no sooner dissolved, but there is a building given of God. To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise. From henceforth is laid up for me a Crown of righteousnesse.* They are carried out of the world, beyond the world, into a new world, *translated*; they leave the sorrows of the world, to work no more, to weep no more; no, there is an end of tasks, and an end of tears, they have a quiet life, for *There doth remain a rest for the people of God*, and they have a pleasurable life, for they *enter into their Masters joy.* Instead of watchfulnesse and wearinesse, they have rest; instead of their Masters yoke and Cross, they have their Masters joy; and that not in some long *interstitium*, and distance of time, but *in a moment*, and out of hand, still they are living, for God hath shewn them the paths of life, still they are living, for they are speaking, singing, conquering.

3. *Licet interremeritum in corpore, tamen ejus gloriam non potuit interimere. Haymo in loc.*

ἐν ἀριθμῷ, καὶ ἀδιαστ. Macar.

This doth shew, that the *Death of the righteous is accompanied with a state of preferment*, here they were in misery and molestation, under spight and cruelty, drenched in tears, and wallowing in bloud, but there * *joyful rest doth possesse the people, and afford them pleasing resting places.* For oh thou blessed Saint, so soon as thou art quit of the world, † *what do remain, but that thou shouldest highly rejoice, and enjoy a solemn Jubilee?* Here thou wert chased up and down, the sole of thy foot could take no rest, because thou wouldest not consent to all impetuous and imperious demands, thy gates were thronged with tumults, thou wert driven from thy setled dwelling, Janglers forced thee away, and Challengers were sent after thee, no duty was expressed, no reason could be heard, all Accommodations for peace were Incommodations, all Propositions, Oppositions, thy authority was infringed, thy

Appl.

* *Habet Populos quies læta, sedes tenet placidas Cyp. de laude Martyrii.*

† *Quid restat, nisi ut Jubilet? Aug. in Psal.*

thy treasure was siezed upon, not a Castle, not a Ship, not a Spear, not a Child that could be laid hold on was thine own; thou must either be a bond-man in power, and a slave in conscience, and submit to whatsoever self-willed and self-ended men had decreed for their own advantage, or else there was no coming nigh to thine own house, or honours, neither law of God or man could do thee any good, for these were interpreted, as if there had never been an holy man that understood Scripture, nor wise man that were skilled in the laws till these later times: thou mightest think, that thou hadst right, and might on thy side, but thy right was brought down to a popular Grace, and thy might was frighted away with a popular Drum; thou hadst not a well-wisher but he was accounted a Malignant, nor an Adherent, but he was made a Delinquent; he was the truest Oratour which could most asperse thee, and the noblest Patriot which could most weaken thy title; how wert thou made the anvile of contempts, and the foot-stool of insolency! the derision of male-contents! and the shout of scorners! thy enemies were implacable, and thy friends not very faithfull; all thy enemies braved upon thee, and many of thy Friends betraid thee: oh what will not ambition do on the one side, and gold on the other side? who would have thought here had been Christians? who would have conceived here had been men? *Pagans* and *Infidels* would have been more modest and moral. It were infinite to relate all thy indignities, avilings, streights, disasters which did surround thee, and with which at last thou wert overwhelmed; it is grief to conceive them, shame to see them acted, and horrour to relate them: oh tell it not in *Gath*, nor publish it in the streets of *Askelon*. Briefly, thou wert pursued like a Felon, sold like a Captive, and executed like a Malefactour. Did *Job* (sir-named the *Patient*) endure in every kind such miseries? Did ever any mortal man next our blessed Saviour drink of such a bitter Cup? Well, but after the loss of thy reputation, thy revenue, thy authority, thy life, what hast thou now lost? nay, what hast not thou now gained? are not thy joyes beyond thy sorrows? and thy weight of glory beyond the burthen of thy exigents? who would not by a Prison come to thy Palace? who would not by an Axe lose an Head, to take it up again to weare thy Crown? thy enemies would not here endure that thou shouldest have any lustre, but

but now thou doſt ſhine above the brightneſſe of the Firmament; thy enemies appointed the baſeſt of men to be thy Conſorts, but now the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect are thy Companions; thy enemies held thee not fit to be a pin in this building, but now thou art made a pillar in the Temple of God. Men would not acknowledge thee, but Angels embrace thee; men would not let thee enjoy thy birth-right, but now thou art come to be a meet partaker of the inheritance of the Saints in light. Oh that we had but one taſte of thy hidden Mannah, that we heard but one ſtrain of thy Celeſtial hymns, we would then confeſſe thy ſtate to be Majeſtie, and thy preferment to be the prize of the high calling of God in Chriſt Jeſus; for if thy graces here were ſo bright, how bright is thy glory? if thy Sacrifice here was ſo excellent, how excellent now is the Sacrificer? if here thou didſt once ſpeak to admiration, how doſt thou now ſpeak to extaſy? yet thou ſpeakeſt, for now thou ſhineſt; yet thou ſpeakeſt, for now thou Reigneſt; thou ſpeakeſt where there are unutterable things to be ſpoken of, thou ſpeakeſt where the objects are ſo rare that the joy of them can neither be ſuppreſſed nor expreſſed; thou ſpeakeſt a language which neither *Solomon*, nor the Prophets, nor they which had the cloven tongues like fire could ſpeak; thou ſpeakeſt till thou art even raviſhed with ſpeaking; though thou art not yet living yet thou art yet ſpeaking; though thou beeſt dead, yet thou ſpeakeſt. What then? can death annoy the Saints? no, it is but to bring them to a place where they ſhall be * *without fear of dying, and with eternal ſecurity of living*: what can all the darkneſſe of this black night of miſery damnify the godly? no, it doth but prepare them for the bright morning of a celeſtial ſtate, where *they ſhall all leap about that great and glorious Light in the higheſt Heavens*; nay, what can all the rage of enemies prejudice the righteous? no, the perſecutours can but carry ſuch an one to the Court-gate of glory, the Executioner can but ſend him away to the Wardrobe to put on his long white Robe. Tyrant then expreſſe all thy fury, *Cain* do thy work, *Abel* ſhall live when thou haſt ſlain him, and ſpeak when thou thinkeſt thou haſt laid him ſpeechleſſe at thy feet. A godly man, though he be dead, cannot be dumb, no, not if thou ſhouldeſt ſeal up his lips, or cut out his tongue, for he will ſpeak through his teeth, or ſpeak without a tongue, or ſpeak with a new

* *Sine timore morienti, & cum æternitate vivendi. Cyp. de mortal.*

Quid grave nobis accidit, cum tandem ſicut parva lumina ſuturi ſumus circa magnum illud lumen tripudiantes? Naz. orat. 19.

tongue, for he is gotten to the new Heavens, and there all speak at the first entrance, and speak, and can never lose speech, speak, and shame all the elegant Speakers upon the earth. Well then, be *Abel*, and when the earth can no longer hear thee speak, Heaven will make the speak. A dead man here is a speaking man there; *He being dead, yet speaketh.*

Thus then have I handled this Text as it doth concern the particular history, it is now requisite, that I should apply it more clearly, and fully to the particular occasion, and conclude with the work of the day, or rather the wound of the day; a dismal work it was, and a bloudy wound. Have we not *Cain* and *Abel* here? yes, brethren in profession, though not in nature, and yet in nature, as farre as the same Countrey and Nation could beget a consanguinity between them. And did not both these sacrifice? yes, our *Cain* would be at the Altar as well as *Abel*, though he brought but his light sheaf; our *Cain* was never for the firstlings, and fat, the essential things of Religion, but onely for a few extemporary devotions, and aery speculations. And I pray, what was the quarrel amongst us? was it not about the excellent sacrifice? yes, Religion hath ever been the great Make-bate upon earth, zeal for the Altars have sacrificed as many men as beasts, for this there were such detestations between the Egyptians and the Hebrews, that the one might not eat with the other; for this there were such tumults about the Temple and the golden calves, about God and *Baal*. For this the *Zelots* amongst the *Jews* slew as many of their own Countreymen, as they did of the common enemies, for this were there such intestine dissentions betwixt the *Arians* and Orthodox Christians; for this have the *Latines* and the *Greeks* been at such bitter variances, that the *Turk* hath wonne from us Christians thirteen Kingdomes and three Empires; for this have been invectives, banishment, plucking out of eyes. *Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum*, Religion hath been the foment of all these commotions, garboiles, and slaughters. It is that that is the evil Angel (as the *Turks* say) which doth trouble the Christians. Sure I am, Religion was the Trumpet of sedition, that raised this Kingdome into this unnatural dissention, and begat this deadly feud, it was called *bellum sacrum*, *the holy war*, but the most wicked and wretched that ever was fought, *the excellent Sacri-*

fice

sice was the spight, *Abel*'s purity of Religion procured all his enmity; would he have forsaken that Religion which came to him out of the flames of Martyrdome, and accepted of another that was melted for him by another seeming fervent zeal, he had escaped all the ire and indignation which afterwards followed. But *In re tam justa nulla debet esse consultatio*, as St. *Cyprian* told the Proconsul, *In a thing so just there ought to be no consultation*, *Abel* cannot abate in his purity and piety in divine worship, for fire had fallen from Heaven upon his Sacrifice, God had blessed the Protestant Church for sticking so firmly to the first grounds of her Reformation, and it flourished to admiration, maugre all the rancour of the Pope and his *Romish* Emissaries; but if *Abel* will be so resolute, *Cain* will ranckle and fester. But as angry as he is, I hope he will keep it to himself; yes, keep it to himself, but keep an eye upon his project and design. *Cain* wrought very politickly and subtilely, and so did our *Cain*; the one had a treaty, and so had the other; but treaties are with wicked men but wiles, supplantations, ambushments, pitfals. After all the treaties there follows the Stratagem. *Cain* rose up and slew his brother *Abel*, a King was murthered. We have *Cain*'s club to shew, and *Abel*'s blood to point at. Did *Cain* slay his brother *Abel*? Did Protestants kill their natural King? oh merciless *Cain*! oh graceless Protestants! where is the murther of Kings warranted in the whole Scripture? Indeed God can loose the collar of Kings, but who made thee Gods *Vice-Roy*, or Vicegerent? *Eritis sicut Dii*, Ye shall be as Gods, was the Serpents Divinity. A poysonous Lecturer, and venomous Disciples. When thou canst create thunder, I will think thou maist cast thy thunder-bolts upon Thrones, but in the mean time do not imitate the Omnipotent in his incommunicable properties, and priviledges, least thou dost begin with *Lucifer*'s pride, and end with *Lucifer*'s fate and doom; But will some say, the Saints shall bind Kings in chains: what Saints? they must be such as have an absolute and express commission from Heaven. What Kings? *Canaanitish* Kings, *Heathenish* Princes, such as *Sihon* the King of the *Amorites*, and *Og* the King of *Bashan*, *Adonibezek* the King of *Jerusalem*, *Hoham* King of *Hebron*, *Piram* King of *Jarmuth*, *Japia* King of *Lachish*, &c. Kings which were direct *Infidels*, and God in his secret judgement had

Petrus Diaconus in vit. Cyp.

determined to destroy them: But take heed how ye under the names of Saints usurp Gods authority without a Patent under seal, & how ye kill Christian Kings as freely as Idolatrous Kings. If all Kings were to be slain, why doth the Scripture say that *against a King there is no rising up, and who shall lay his hands upon the Lords Anointed, and be guiltlesse? and he that resisteth the powers shall receive to himself damnation.* It is no matter what by fact hath been done, but what by right ought to be done. What then? shall a King be brought before an High Court of Justice, and sentenced to death? oh *Cain* we tremble at thy rising up, and at the sight of thy club. The bench was odious, and the Scaffold execrable, what is this but for men *Criminibus terrere novis*, —— to appal the age with new crimes.

Virg. 10. Æn.

Attonitum tanto subitæ terrore ruinæ
Humanum genus est, totusque perhorruit orbis;

Ovid. 1. Met.

All mankind, all the earth hath horrour and astonishment at such a dreadful accident.

Sæculum Pirrhæ nova monstra questæ.

This is the age which hath produced new Monsters. Who advised this prodigious attempt? sure I am it was no good Angel, nor right Prophet, but some Diviner, like *Myrtila* in the grove of *Dodona*, who counselled the *Thebanes*, that if they would prosper, they must commit the height of impiety. And I think that these to attain to the height of their ambitious ends, committed the height of the most nefand, infand, intestable, detestable, devillish, damned impiety, that ever was heard of since the foundations of the earth. Oh that this Devil called Legion should possesse the body of our Nation! oh that the Woman called *Wickednesse* should come flying with her Ephah filled with abominable iniquity to set it down in this Kingdome! There have been many Prostitutes in Religion before, but the contrary is in thee to other women in thy fornications, *Ezek.* 16. 34. *Aholibah* hath exceeded *Aholah*, *Ezek.* 23. 11. The Anabaptists have exceeded the Jesuits. Amongst all the State-troublers and Throne-shakers that ever were in the world, was it ever heard before that an hereditary King was arraigned and executed? no, many ill spirits there have been in all ages, but this was *Belzebub*, the Prince of Devils. *Ragvaldus Knaphof* a King of the ancient *Swedes*, because he entred the

Horat. 1. car. O. 27. Eos fore vicinos, si quid impie egissent. Zenodot.

Zach. 5.

Io. Magnus.

the *Visigothes* land, which were his own Subjects, and according to the custome of the Country did not send his Messengers before him, they rose up against him, as a publick enemy, and slew him at *Carlaboy*. *Antipater*, because he heard that *Alexander* had cruelly put to death *Parmenio* and *Philotas*, fearing his own head, he sent to his sonne *Jolla* Cupbearer to *Alexander* and at *Babylon* poisoned his own Prince. Thus *Fabius Fabulus* cut off the head of *Galba* his own Emperour, and *Optares* slew *Vitiges* his natural Soveraign at *Ravenna* like a Sacrifice lying upon the ground with his face upward; and *Landerick* (the great intimate of *Fredegund*) killed *Chilperick* returning from hunting, and *Loreck* shot to death *Bretislaus* the second, being lost in a wood. But these things were done in heat, and humour, and in a stealth-thive, secret way, but to set up an imperious Court, and to appoint an impudent Judge to try a King, and take away his life, was such a State-passage as *Machiavil* himself did never prescribe, and I believe that these Clients were inforced to bestow double fees upon their Counsellour of the long Robe to find out such an invention, for except the Devil himself, who could have produced such a shadow of a Law-point to be left upon Record as a Book-case? Well, the King hath suffered, and shall not Religion for this suffer to the worlds end? yes, for, King hold up thy hand, King lay down thy neck, is this the Mother-tongue of a loyall Nation? no, it is such English as will make *England* a wofull history, and a shamefull hissing to all generations. Our Enemies will deride us, and our Friends will blush at us. What Jesuite will not laugh us to scorn? for now all Popish treasons are justified. What Protestant will not weep at the thought of it? for now all our loyall principles are blasted and blemished. It is a marvel that these men can cry out against Popery, when they are twofold more the children of hell, and that they can talk of propagating the Gospel, when their propagation is by desolation, not by striking at consciences, but by striking off heads. Here is inspiration with expiration, and a Gospel published with a murthering-piece; Are these your gifted men? and your new Lights? I wonder what Spirit endowed them, and what brightnesse it was that did irradiate them? doubtlesse it was the Devil transformed into an Angel of light. For had the Prophets any such infusions? or

Q. Curtius.

Sueton.

Procopius.

Michael Ritius.

Dubrav.

the Apostles any such revelations? Did they ever go with a bloud-ax in their hands? or give commands or tolerations to Subjects to erect Tribunals to convent Princes? or to prepare blocks for the necks of their lawfull Soveraigns? Are these Anabaptists? they deserve to be baptized in their own bloud; are these Fifth-monarchy men? all Monarchies ought to execrate and extirpate them; a true Anabaptist is an Anarchist, and a true Fifthmonarchy-man is an Antimonarchy-man. Seeing their principles are rebellion, and their practises bloud, they might justly have the rewards of Rebels, and the doom of bloudy men. What honour is it to be an obedient Subject, if Traitors may have the like protection, and priviledges? So long as these be suffered to go up and down the land with their tender consciences, our tender bowels are in danger; so long as these have freedome to vex the Nation with their scruples of faith, they will hazard, and do threaten to scruple us into our graves. Subjects look to your throats, Kings look to your heads. If they would but confesse their errours, and unfeignedly reform them, I wish not the least trouble to them, nor to have a man suffer for all the violences they are guilty of, for an hearty change is a sufficient satisfaction. But I doubt that the Blackmore cannot change his skin, that the root that hath born gall and wormwood can bear no sweet fruit; that these Cockatrices will not be charmed, that they are so hardned in their principles and prevarications, that their neck is become iron, and their brow brasse, that it will be a long time before they will come to *Pharaohs* acknowledgment, *Ahabs* submission, *Judasses* consternation, or *Cains* dreads; they seem to be settled upon their Lees, and frozen in their dregges; for they cry out onely for liberty of conscience, but have no conscience to desie their execrable courses; they desire to live peaceably, but it is to be feared it shall be no longer on their parts, then till another *Hydra*'s head can grow up in the stead of that which is cut off. A Wolf is quiet so long as it is in the chain, but let it be but loosned it will worry again. I do not like this same creeping into corners, and these meetings at midnight, such dark seasons do threaten that there are some works of darknesse still in agitation. Well, if they be obstinate, and incorrigible, and do desire their freedome without our safety, for my part, though I do not desire

their

their necks, yet I do desire their backs; though I wish them not on gibbets, yet I wish them in pinasses, for so long as the Canaanites be in the land, what will they be *but thorns in our eyes, and gouds in our sides*? Therefore if they will not repent let them remove, if they will not change their opinions, let them change their ground, let these new lights go and shine in their new Sanctuary, new *England*; let these Zelots go and worship in that consecrated Temple, and these Fifth-monarchy-men sail along with the rest of their raigning Saints, and there set up their mysticall, and Majesticall Throne. Old *England* hath been fabled, and faeried, and frayed, and flayed enough by them; have we not a sad precedent and spectacle before our eyes? Look over the Catalogue, and see how many thousands they have used like Slaves within the land, and sold for Slaves out of the land, nay slaughtered, and butchered; and above all have we not the bloud of a Prince, and the head of a King to look upon with as much anguish as astonishment? Must they stay to kill another King before we shall know them to be Cut-throats? or banish them as Regicides? This King is a King of eminent perfections, and virtues, but what care they for gifts and graces? every King with them is a Reprobate, and his very calling they hold sinne, they must have no King but King Jesus; every King else they hold an Usurper, and they will either depose him, or destroy him. If a King could have been spared for virtue, might we not have had our old King still reigning amongst us? *Cain* slew him, but was he not *Abel*? the most pure and pious King that ever sat in a Throne? *David* and *Solomon*, the two Mirrours of Kingly government, had those blemishes in them which he was never stained with. Except he had been born in the state of innocency, could he have had more of man in him? except he had been an Angel, could he have had more of the Saint in him? *Cain* slew him, but he slew as much righteousnesse as Royalty, and sanctity as Majesty. " *A King that in his reign shewed himself worthy of such a government*, as it was said of *Theodosius* the great; *One that of all Princes seemed to be guided by reason*, as it is reported of *Theodosius* the younger; yea it may be said of him as *Cedren* doth say of *Justinian*, that he was so absolute, that he might be called *the Idea of Princes*. I shall almost seem to clip the Kings coyn, in

In Imperio dignum se tanto fastigio prastitit, Sigon. Ratione vivere apertissime a cunctis prædicaretur. Cusp. Idea principum, Cedrn.

in not giving to such a rare Prince the full weight and latitude of his prime deserts; for I knew not half his virtues, and therefore I cannot describe them. But thus much I can say of him, that he was from his infancy studious and ingenious, insomuch that his Royal Brother (of never-dying fame) was wont to say that he was fit to be made an Arch-Bishop, and needs must he be so, when as *Cambyses* taught his own *Cyrus*, so his own Royal Father (the Oracle of the Throne in his dayes) was pleased divers times to be his Princely Tutour, whereby it came to passe that few Sonnes had such a Father, or few Fathers such a Son; he taught him one principle to make him his own, his own in duty and devoyre; for never was there more reverence and obedience expressed, then there was by him, a great Prince by birth to his Royal Father; He was grieved (with *Ferdinand* of *Naples*) when he could not be present with his Father, and when he was present (with *Lewis* the Son of *Charles* the Great) such was his obsequiousnesse, that he might justly be sir-named the *Pious* for it. When he came to sway the Scepter himself, his Court was a School, as it is said of *Theodosius*. 1. and himself the great Library out of which men might learn all manner of goodness. He was skilled in all Arts, for he had a singular insight into all Sciences.

Zenoph. lib. 1. ped. Cyri.

Cum patri adesse non potuit. Pont. l. 2. cap. 3. de Obed: Egnat. l. 5. c. 4: Sigon. l. 9. Imp. Ovid.

It was an admiration to hear a Prince talk so judiciously in Astronomy, Physick, Musick, Geometry, Mathematicks, Limbing, Warlike Tacticks, in what not? but his chief Liberal Science (as I may say) was to know his God, and to serve him. *The fear of the Lord was his treasure*, Esa. 33. 6. He was filled with the spirit of wisdome, yea he had *a spiritual understanding*, Col. 1. 9. No Beau-Clerk or Doctour of the Chair could more promptly and pregnantly determine points of Divinity then he, his Disputations with several Divines of the contrary Party, his conference with the Marquess of *Worcester* (though partially set down) and his Εἰκὼν Βασιλικὴ do abundantly testify it, and what he knew he characterized in action, for he was as pious as he was prudent, and as devout as he was judicious; a kind of smoaking Censer, or flaming Altar; he ware a Crown, but often laid it down at God's feet; he was a King, but often upon his knees as Petitioner; his Chappell was as dear to him as his Throne, and his Closet as his Presence Chamber; a reverend hearer of the Ordinances at home, and

and when he rode abroad he seldome finished a journey, but (as I have heard) he would first Sacrifice before he would satisfy the wants of nature with the least refection. Let malice traduce him what it can, his zeal was beyond their scandal, and his piety beyond their spight; he may match devotion by a fervent heart, and try out worship by the knees with the greatest Zelot of the times; indeed he was the Saint of the Land, and the Seraphim of the Throne; he had a Spring of Judgement, and an Ocean of Sanctity; the present age would not acknowledge his eminencies, but after ages will reverence his memory, though his enemies would suffer him to have no funeral solemnities, yet I mak no question but his exequies have been duly kept by many of his religious subjects, and that the truly pious of the Nation have provided a Tombstone in their breasts, and that the Angels have written his Epitaph; though his enemies out of disdaine laid his dead corps by *Henry* the eighth, yet out of veneration it might have been laid by *Edward* the Confessour, or holy *Lucius*; for since the dayes of *Brute* no King of *England* more truly deserved the name of Saint, then He. He was our Prince, he is our Praise; he was our Soveraign, he is our Saint. *Charles* the Wise, *Charles* the Worthy, *Charles* the Sufferer, *Charles* the Saint. Such a Saint as besides his holinesse, he had all manner of virtues in him; one that was forced to warres, but loved peace; which had rather have shed tears then bloud; which was thankfull for good turnes, and patient under injuries; which past many Acts of Grace, but never an Act of Cruelty; no, he was so clement, that in his whole Reign there was not one drop of noble bloud shed, but that which was ignoble; he was called Tyrant, but he was the most mercifull man in the Nation; he was said to desert his Parliament, but not till they deserted their oaths and duties; he was driven to seek Friends, and yet he was ever seeking his Enemies; they called out for pitched fields, and he called out for treaties; they complained that he had Papists in his Army, and he did not complain that they had Jews in theirs; they charged him with the horrid rebellion in *Ireland*, but he did neither charge nor challenge them with the hellish rebellion in *England*; they were furious, but he was meek; they were rough, but he was gentle; a King of high courage, but invincible patience; courteous to all, civil to his very enemies; high,

but not haughty; Majestical, and yet affable: To whom was he ever morose? or did use unprincely language? his justice was not to be questioned, his chastity was not to be suspected, his bounty was not to be denied; such a pious, pure and peaceable King was never seen in this Throne; he had so much goodnesse in him, that the eye of reverence might have been ravished with it, and the eye of malice might have admired it; it was his unhappiness that it was disdained, that it was abused; one that had not half his true piety, clemency, patience, justice, chastity, had more fear, observance and subjection; the true Tyrant was obeyed, when the good King was despised, envied, affronted, assaulted. He was so good, that I may call him the best, he was so good that I may stile him *Abel*, for had he not *Abel*'s three bright characters in him? yes.

1. First, He was a person of integrity. Thousands dissembled with him, but he dissembled with none. No Stage-player or Alchymist in his actions, for counterfeiters are the most pernicious persons both in religion, and morality; insomuch that a hypocrite doth most hurt, not that he doth evil, but that he speaketh well; but his speeches were never above his actions, his life and his lips were Allies, and ever in solemn league. He would not vary in his Religion to gain a Queeen in *Spain*, nor falsify with the Church to regain a Crown in *England*; he had ever a single eye, and a sincere heart.

Inde ergo ledit unde mala facit, & bona dicit. Aug. tr. 46. in Ioan

2. Secondly, He did count nothing too pretious for his God, He had an excellent spirit, and it was set upon the excellent Sacrifice; He was wholly devoted to pious Works, and shewed his magnificence chiefly in those offerings. He came in person and in state to St. *Pauls* to set forward the building of it, He was the first and best Sacrificer at that Altar. He had bestowed an Ear-ring upon the Spouse of Christ, no Countrey under Heaven having more judicious and accomplished Teachers then we had, and it was his desire to have put a chain about her neck, and to have decked her all over in embroydered work. Had he lived, and Reigned, Church and Church-men should have found him to have been a most bountifull Benefactour.

3. Thirdly, He did rely for souls bliss merely upon Divine approbation. He did only desire to obtain witnesse from God, that he was righteous, and cared not to be esteemed by the world righteous.

He

He knew that only God could give righteousnesse, and was the sole discerner and trier of righteousness, therefore he put himself upon *His* attestation & justification. Gods witnesse was dearer unto him, then mans testimonial. What cared he for the worlds blandishments? or the puffe of popular applause? no, there have been Princes, which have been taken with the noise of these tinkling Cymbals, and have desired no other Minstrelsie then the melodious Dulcimers of the peoples lips, as *Philip* had his *Clisophus* who praised his lame leg, and blind eye, and *Dionysius* his *Carisophus* who called him the father of all virtues, and *Alexander* his *Nicesius*, who made Flyes the noblest creatures, because they sucked his bloud, and *Nero* his *Burus*, who so admired his wit, that he stiled him another *Apollo*, and the head of *Nilus*, and *Justinian* who had his *Tribonianus*, who so extolled his virtues that he promised him they should free him from death, and at his departure cause his flesh to be carried with him into Heaven. But our good King took pleasure in none of these Flatterers, but with *Constantine* the Great counted them the vermine of his Palace, or with *Sigismund* the gad-flyes, or blister-flyes which did bite him. He took more delight in a Monitor, then a Parasite, and in a grave Bishop then a complemental Courtier; he loved all his Lords well (and some too well, who rewarded him with a treacherous heart for his Royal and real heart) but his chief love, and pleasing, satisfying affection was in a Penitentiary. He valued not the dying sparks in *Sycophants* lips to burn up his Oblations (no, this he counted a vain smoak, and a perishing blaze) but the delectable thing to him was to have *fire from Heaven fall upon his Sacrifice*; he preferred one testimony of the spirit of adoption above all the acclamations and applauses of the World; it was not mans signet but God's seal which he stood upon; for he knew very well, that man could make him but estimable, it was God onely that could make him acceptable. Therefore he singled himself from the world, and locked up himself to his God; him he made his trust and treasure, comfort and confidence, the light of God's countenance was more pretious to him then the smiling faces, and the smooth, soothing, inchanting reflexes of Admirers browes. His glory was that he was not vain-glorious, but one high in command, but of an humble heart; rich in graces but poor

in spirit; his sanctiloquies and soliloquies, his life spent in meditation and mortification testify it, one that had little self-delight in him, but much self-denial, there was in him *a recess from his own desires, his love of God was such that it brought him to an utter contempt of himself, He lost his life by renouncing his own will, and saved it by works of piety, He did transplant himself out of the world, that He might grow the better in another soil, and kill the flesh, that the spirit might have all the life, vigour and activity.* Was there ever a more temperate, world-skreened, flesh-rinsed, soul-weaned Prince? One that had his heart wholly in heaven, and his eye fixed upon the face of God, which often prostrated himself at his feet, and desired no greater happinesse then to lye in his bosome. He fed upon the hidden *Manna*, and employed all his Sollicitours to make the Judge his sure Friend; His eyes were stretched out till they were sore, and his eyes watched often, till they were heavy, and his eyes wept, till they were even bathed in salt water to get his Petition signed; His eares listned to hear the sounding of Gods bowels; His appetite was sharpned to feed upon the childrens bread; He wrestled till the hollow of his thigh was loosned to get the blessing. He did strive more to be gratious in Gods sight, then to enjoy all the splendours upon earth, and the esteemed *the white stone with the new name writen in it* above all the Jewells of his Crown. His rare Book of Meditations doth shew his conflicts of conscience, his inward savour of celestial things, his impressions of Gods watchfulnesse over him, his refined heart to delight the heavenly eye, his yearnings for reconciliation, his aspirings for divine favour; A Book so full of crucified expressions, Divine thirstings, subscribing articles with the messenger of the Covenant, trimmings of the Wedding Garment, wooings of the Bridegroome, supernatural repasts, and extasying trances, that my Soveraign might seem with *Jacob* to have been at *Luz* where the gate of Heaven was opened, or upon Mount *Tabor* with the blessed Apostles, or with St. *Paul* taken up into the third Heavens, when he wrote that Book. The Spirit no doubt gave him the infusions, and a man might conceive that some Angel guided his hand. It is a Book so full of penitent, pregnant, ardent, elevated, raptive gales; the stile so high, and yet the heart so humble; the speeches so fervent, and yet the spirit so lowly; the conceptions so soaring, and yet the conscience so bleeding,

A suis ipsius voluntatibus recessio. Basin reg. suscisp. q. 6. amor Dei, usque ad Contemptũ sui Aug. l. 14. de civ. Dei c. 28. perdidit animam suam abnegando voluntatem, & salvat eam per opera pietatis. Origen. 2. in Matth. Plantæ transponuntur, ut proficiant, macetur caro, ut anima vivat. Greg. in Evang. hom. 32.

ing, that I confesse though I have read many Authours, and perused many Treatises of this nature, yet did I never meet with the like to it for speech, speculation, spirit, not amongst our religious Countreymen, the contemplative Jesuits, or the devout Fathers. Great King, thy face, thy gifts, thy vows, thy visions, thy mortified heart and victorious soul shall ever be seen in that Book; thou canst not want a name, a cry, a Crest, a Crown, an Impress, a Monument, a Statue so long as that Book doth remain: thou hast preserved thy memory, honoured thy posterity, blessed thy Friends, confounded thy Enemies, perfumed thy Sepulchre, purged thy conscience, beamed thy soul, made thy self invincible, Imperial, an imitable, immortal by that Book. Thy whole life was like a Cloud which dropped down celestial Mannah, and that Book is the golden Pot to preserve it. Let that be called *The Master-piece of Devotion*, and thou be named *The Master-builder of a Souls Fabrick*. Is not *Abel* there to be discerned? yes, the whole contents of it is *Abel*, from the first leaf to the last line, one that had given up himself to God, and depended for souls-bliss onely upon Divine approbation.

Well *Abel* we have now found thee, we have looked upon thee, & can never look enough, thy face is amiable, thy faith is admirable, thy Sacrifice is invaluable, who could injure a person of such rich qualifications, & rare perfections? Surely he was one of the Savages which could have the heart violently to assault thee, insolently to convent thee, impiously & imperiously, outragiously & barbarously to execute thee. Oh that thou hadst in thee so much eminency, & *Cain* so much enmity! that thou hadst in thee so much integrity, & *Cain* so much treachery! that thou hadst in thee so much meekness, & *Cain* so much cruelty! Art thou King *Haman*, King *Doeg*, King *Achan*, King *Ismael*, King *Cham*? no, thou art King *Abel*; if thou beest King *Abel*, let him be Caytiff *Cain*. Doubtlesse *Cain* by this time thou knowest what it is to draw *Abel* into the field, what it is to leave him dead in the field, what it is to lift up thy fierce looks against him, what it is to lift up thy deadly club against him. Hast thou not heard his bloud cry? hast thou not a bloud spot in thy forehead? hast thou not been brow-beaten? hast thou not been marked? hast thou not been cast out of thy old habitation? hast thou not been cast out of the presence of God? Thou hast wrought thy teen upon *Abel* to some purpose, but hath not God been avenged of thee se-

fold? Since the murther of *Abel*, couldst eat? couldst sleep? couldst keep thy feet? couldst keep thy wits? no, thou wert a kind of a Runagate, thou wert become a kind of mad-man, thou wert ungratious, thou art unhappy, thou hast lost thy brother, thou hast lost thy self; thou hast shed his bloud, and thou hast shed thine own honour, thine own safety, thine own bliss, thou art ever hereafter to be called bloudy *Cain*, and wretched *Cain*; for *Abel's* bloud doth cry, and will never cease to cry. Thou hast strook *Abel* dead, and though his lips do not cry, his bloud doth cry; and Scritch-owles, Wolves, Trumpets, Cannons, the raging Sea, and roaring Thunder doth not make such a noise as bloud; it hath the loudest, and most lasting sound; it doth cry, it is heard as far as the Throne of God, it will cry, and did not give over crying, till it had cryed thee into thy grave, till it had cryed thee into Hell. If there be not the cryes of the lips, and the cryes of conscience, and the cryes of the Church, and something which will speak better things then the bloud of *Abel*; woe be to all Murtherers, for this bloud will cry till it make them cry and howle upon earth, and cast them amongst them which weep and gnash their teeth, and have no rest day nor night, but tear their flesh, and gnaw their tongues. If *Abel's* bloud will cry, how shall *Cain's* soul at last cry? But what care some malitious wretches for future vengeance, if for the present they may satisfie their spleens and ireful passions? no *Cain* will kill *Abel*, though his bloud intail direfull judgement upon him, and his race, as our *Cain* said, the King shall die, though I were sure to lie in Hell for it for some time, and my Posterity to beg their bread. Oh inflexible, inflexorable Murtherers! oh precipitate, obstinate, desperate *Cain*! But let us leave *Cain* under his curse, and look once more upon *Abel*, and see whether *Cain's* malice can extinguish his comfort, as well as his life. There is no comfort in *Cain's* club, but is there none in *Abel's* bloud? yes; let us see him bleeding, and hear him speaking, let him speak, and let us speak, let him speak for vengeance, and let us speak out of veneration; God will revenge his bloud, and let us reverence it. Let the Land want an heart, when it doth not value such a Prince, and a tongue when it doth not speak to the honour of him. Let us call him at the parting,

First,

First, *Conspicuous Saint*, oh that we had such an one! could we wish a better? what age before yielded his Equal? He was able to teach the world. 1.

——*quid distent aera lupinis*,

the difference between the precious and the vile, he was *dignus Obelisco*, so eminent that he deserved a Monument, *Hic jacet Abel*, *Hic jacet Sanctus Carolus*, Saint *Charles*, the Model of virtue, and the Medal of the Spirit, which had Christ engraven into his heart, and the Scripture inlaid into his conversation; The Prince of all princely virtues, and the Prince of all saving virtues, which had an unfeigned faith, and undoubted righteousness; one that sought for the best, and offered the best, whom wise men admired, and good men honoured; which carried flesh about him, but with very little corruption, and grace with very great lustre; which lived upon earth, but spent much of his time in heaven, repentance was his bath, sanctity was his raiment, meditation was his diet, mortification was his physick, devotion was his perfume, watchfulnesse was his Sentinel, vows were his weapons, prudence was his Counsellour, patience was his Standard-bearer, inward security was his Chamberlain, search of conscience was his ghostly Confessour, the Saints were his Guides, the Angels were his Companions, the Heaven of heavens was his Crown-land, and God himself was the King of glory with whom he hoped to keep Court, and to reign for ever in Majesty. Oh precious *Abel*! oh conspicuous Saint!

But secondly, let us not onely call him conspicuous Saint, but likewise *glorious Martyr*. Martyr! oh that the Rocks do not cleave, and the earth do not shiver, and all eyes do not drop, and all hearts do not bleed at the thought of such a judgement! there might be nothing but crying Alas, Alas, from the one corner of the Land to the other; yea, we might take the tires from our heads, cover our lips, lye upon the earth, eat ashes, teach our children wailings, and our neighbours lamentation, cry bitterly, make our faces foul with weeping, gather to *Mizpeh*, and pour out water, raise up another *Bochim*, weep with the weeping of *Jazer*, make a mourning like the mourning of *Hadadrimmon* in the field of *Megiddo*; yea our very Churches might be filled with nothing but Shreiks, and the songs of the Temple turned into 2.

to howlings, for is *Abel* slain? the *Mirrour made a Martyr*? what no more to be heard? no more to be seen? no more to expresse his faith? to declare his righteousness? to offer his excellent sacrifice? to teach the world piety? to pray for the sinnes of the Age? to blesse the times? what is there such a rich jewel plucked off from the neck of the Church? is there an end of *Abel*? oh dismaying news! oh dismal day! oh that *Cain* had no more mercy then to stretch out his hand! oh that God had no more mercy then not to restrain his hand! Doubtlesse the sinnes of the people were great that armed *Cain*, and enraged God; *In the day of affliction consider*. Let the fall of *Abel* be an examining, and an exanimating judgement. Let us stand upon our thresholds, and cry out of our sinnes, take hold of the pillars of the Temple, and bewail our sinnes, look one another in the face with astonishment and remorse, saying, wretches that we are that we could not forbear our provocations till they had fetched the best of the flock for a sacrifice, till Gods wrath broke out in bloud, till righteous *Abel* was slain, till the most pious, and pure, and compleat King was executed. But though we thus deplore sin, and lament the judgement (for in the losse of such a King there is *Ilias malorum*, an Iliad of miseries) yet not so, as if we should doubt of the state of the Sufferer, or despair of the Martyr; no, the accident is ominous to us, but can it be fatal to *Abel*? can such a peerlesse, and prizelesse King be unhappy? no, he may be dead to *Cain*, or dead to the world, but not dead to himself, not dead to God. We are in a sad case, but there is neither badnesse nor sadnesse, sorrow or sollicitude, fret or fray, heavinesse or horrour that doth belong to *Abel*. He is slain, but the blow could not hurt him, nor the bloud harm him; he is now beyond spight, past stones or clubs; he did but die in the field to be caught up into Paradise, and was taken from *Cain* to be translated to the Congregation of the first-born, yet he liveth, yet he speaketh, he doth rest, and he doth reign, he doth sing, and he doth shine; oh gratious King, thou art now a glorious King, thou hast left thy Court, and taken thy leave of all thy Princely race, and bid farewell to all thy Peers, and art entred into a more Majesticall Court, where Prophets come out to meet thee, and Martyrs rejoyce over thee, and all the crowned Kings which reigned here in piety as well as power,

er, bleſſe their ſelves in thy ſociety ; yea Quires of Angels ſing *Hallelujahs* to enjoy thy preſence ; nay, thy bleſſed Redeemer doth come forth, and offereth to embrace thee with his crucified hands, and to lay his wounded breſt to thy wounded neck ; So that now thou art the high and mighty King, the excellent King for thy excellent Sacrifice ; thou haſt but changed thy Majeſty and Royalty, thou haſt gotten a new Robe, and a new Crown, thou art a brighter Saint, and a more glorious King then ever, thou haſt eaten thy Paſſeover, and are gotten out of *Egypt*, thou haſt ſuffered thy Martyrdome, and haſt changed it into a Kingdome ; thou haſt conquered all thy enemies, and thy Scaffold is turned into a Stage of glory ; thou followeſt the Lamb upon mount *Sion*, and art dwelling in the new *Jeruſalem*, *whoſe gates are all of pearl, and whoſe ſtreets are paved with gold* ; and there dwell, and there reign till the reſurrection. We being confident that ſuch an *Abel* cannot periſh, but that though thou beeſt dead, yet thou haſt another life, a better life ; though thy face be taken away from our ſight, yet thou art to be ſeen ; though we do not hear thee, yet thou ſpeakeſt, *By it he being dead yet ſpeaketh.*

For our ſelves dear brethren, let us for ever prize the name of our *Abel*, and honour his perfections, commemorate his graces, and imitate them ; for wo unto us that ever we knew *Abel*, if we know but onely his name; if we know *Abel* and live *Cain*; then do we admire a Saint, when we are transformed into the likeneſſe of that Saint. It is a commendable thing to acknowledge a Saint, but it is a comfortable and a ſaving thing to be a Saint, to reſemble that Saint, to be followers of that Saint, to exemplifie all his virtues. Oh therefore let us make *Abel* our Pattern, and our Precedent ; let us ſhare with him in faith, righteouſneſſe, and the excellent Sacrifice, that ſo when we are dead the grave may not bury all, but we may be yet ſpeaking, have our memories, conſciences, and heavenly intereſts ſpeaking ; that ſo we may be but abſent from the body to be preſent with the Lord, and lay down theſe earthly Tabernacles to enter into our better Manſion, our true Palace, the building of God, a houſe not made with hands, but eternal in the heavens. Which that we may do, the Lord grant for his mercies ſake.

FINIS.